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POLITICIANS ON THE PLATFORM.

THE season of what are called "extra-Parliamentary utterances" has arrived in due course. The partridges are pretty well disposed of, the pheasants have been considerably thinned, and our politicians have at last time to attend to their constituents. Before long, we shall be overwhelmed with accounts of the stewardship of gentlemen whose names are hardly known, and whose deeds during the session have been confined to giving a silent vote at the bidding of the party Whip. It will be impossible to deal with them except in the most cursory manner, and we shall be compelled to sacrifice their individual characteristics to the necessities of a rude process of classification. We rejoice that Mr. Du Cane's early appearance on the scene permits us to do him the justice which he deserves. We cannot, indeed, say that the member for North Essex is remarkable either for ability or eloquence. It is not his province "listening senates to command," and even his most partial friends would hardly select Mr. Du Cane as a person whose laborious industry, mature judgment, and sustained energy, had fitted him for the conduct of important affairs. He is a tolerably fluent speaker, and a somewhat flippant debater. If he cannot be said to have done anything particular in the course of his Parliamentary career, he has been a rising young man for more years than he probably cares to remember. He is a presentable specimen of the agreeable section in the Conservative party, and by way, we suppose, of conciliating them, he has been appointed to a seat at the Board of Admiralty. At all events, it cannot have been on account of his fitness for the post, for he had previously given no indications of any knowledge of naval affairs, while his pursuits had positively disqualified him for coping with the difficulties of naval accounts. His appointment furnishes an admirable illustration of the reckless manner in which, as the government of the country is now conducted, our public offices are divided as spoil amongst the most prominent members of the party which happens to occupy Downing-street; and whatever he and others of the same class may say against Reform, their tenure of places for which they are manifestly unfit supplies one of the strongest arguments in favour of some change of system that may protect us against the levity with which the work of administration is now intrusted to incompetent hands. As Mr. Du Cane is a civil lord of the Admiralty, it was natural to expect that he should throw some light on the present state of our sea-defences and the measures which the Government are taking in order to place them in an efficient condition. Whether, however, it be that on this subject Mr. Du Cane has acquired just sufficient knowledge to be aware of his ignorance, or that Sir John Pakington has warned his subordinates off ground sacred to his own sensational speeches, we know not, but it is certain that while the hon. member for North Essex had more than enough to say about Reform, he observed the discreetest silence on the affairs of his own department. It is perhaps as well that he did so, for even a Castle Hedingham audience might have been disappointed if, on the question of ships and guns, they had been treated to the vague and loose kind of talk which the hon. member thought good enough for the more important subject which he chose to handle. We have no intention to follow him through his regrets for the loss of Lord Palmerston, whom the Conservatives strenuously opposed while he was

living; his well-worn gibes at Mr. Gladstone's want of temper; his alarming pictures of the swamping of the agricultural interests by the admission of the £14 voters in counties; or his carefully-prepared but feeble hits at Mr. Bright. All this is mere "common form" in a Conservative speech addressed to an agricultural gathering. The only really important feature in the speech is the conviction which it discloses that the Reform question can be no longer trifled with. Of course, Mr. Du Cane is careful, as becomes a minor official, to say nothing which can compromise his superiors, nor do we suspect him of exaggerating his ignorance of their intentions. But, still, we cannot help recognising the shadow of a coming event, when we find Lord Malmesbury exerting himself to prove that the Conservatives are in nowise bound to maintain the Act of 1832, and the member for North Essex positively eager for a measure which shall admit many more thousands of working men to the franchise than would have been done by the Bill of Mr. Gladstone. It is clear that the agitation of the last few weeks has done its work, and that the responsibilities of office—perhaps we might add the desire of retaining it—have opened the eyes of Conservative statesmen to something besides the impossibility of repealing the Malt-tax.

Whether they will act with wise boldness and with genuine honesty upon their new-born convictions, is, we agree with Mr. W. E. Forster, more than doubtful. Nothing in Mr. Disraeli's career has prepared us to expect that he will follow the example of Sir R. Peel, and frankly adopt the policy which he finds himself powerless to oppose. He is far more likely to recur with some modifications to his cunningly-contrived, and elaborately nugatory, measure of 1859, and to attempt, by means of an alliance with the Adullamites and the Conservative Whigs, to carry a delusive Bill which may profess to settle everything, but will in reality settle nothing. Still, whatever may be his propositions, they ought to be fairly considered, and we are glad to find that on this point Mr. Forster does not echo the ill-considered advice of Mr. Bright. On the contrary, he points out that if the Tory leaders should address themselves to the settlement of the question with a sincere desire to meet the popular demands, they would have advantages which the Whigs do not possess; for while Liberals will vote for Reform whoever be the Minister, a great many Tories will support as safe, while Lord Derby is in, a measure that they would denounce as revolutionary if Lord Derby was out. That, indeed, is by no means the only point in which the member for Bradford stands in favourable contrast to the member for Birmingham. Although he is an advanced Liberal, Mr. Forster is by no means a man of violent opinions; and he is singularly free from that bitter animosity against particular classes, which constantly breaks out in the speeches of Mr. Bright. Because he desires to make England more free he does not unjustly and absurdly depreciate the liberty which we already possess; because he is favourable to non-intervention he is not for neglecting our national defences; and although he sees defects in our institutions, he thinks of them and talks of them like an Englishman, and never for a moment gives rise to the impression that the real object of his admiration is a foreign country, and that his ultimate drift is the remodelling of England on a foreign model. The address which he delivered to his constituents the other evening was remarkable both for its thoughtfulness and for its

thoroughly independent tone. While Mr. Bright coquets with the idea of manhood suffrage, Mr. Forster manfully opposes a measure for which the great mass of the people are utterly unprepared. That the franchise bill of last session would now fail to satisfy the country, he not only admits but rejoices to see. But, at the same time, he believes that it is both necessary and possible to stop far short of the point at which intelligence and education would be hopelessly swamped by ignorance and stupidity. So long as enfranchisement is confined to those of the working classes who are really fit to be intrusted with votes, there need be no fear that "the noble, educated, wealthy, and cultivated majority will always have great power from the possession of rank, and wealth, and intellect, and knowledge." But culture, intellect, and knowledge can have no influence upon those who, like the great body of the agricultural labourers, are entirely ignorant or are completely incapable of thought; while rank and wealth will have far too much influence while the passions of the multitude are unstirred, and far too little when they are excited. Even Mr. Mill admits, that with universal suffrage it would be requisite to take measures to secure the representation of minorities, and the just influence of those classes which possess both property and culture. We, like Mr. Forster, prefer not to call into action forces which cannot be trusted without the constant control and check of artificial contrivances, which would most likely break down at the very moment they were most needed.

Mr. Forster addressed himself with great success to what may be described as the trades'-union argument against Reform. We are often told that it would be dangerous to enfranchise the working classes, because they would bring to bear upon politics the organization of their trades' unions. Now, until recently, these bodies have never borne a political character; and if the same assertion cannot still be made, it is simply owing to the fact that by the refusal of Reform the people have been forced into agitation. If that agitation be kept on foot, it is probable that these associations may take a permanently political tone; but if a Reform Bill be passed in the course of next session, they will most likely confine themselves once more to the regulation of wages. The fact that such formidable bodies are capable of being converted into political organizations is in truth a strong argument for depriving the working classes of any inducement to take such a course, by prompt attention to their fair and reasonable claims. At present they are divided in political opinions, and split up into parties like the rest of their fellow-countrymen. Unite them by a sense of long-continued wrong, and it is possible that they may then learn to act together as one man. Then and then only would their trades' unions become politically dangerous. Mr. Forster was not content with showing that the influence of the working classes under a wider franchise would be innocuous. He argued with great force that it would be highly beneficial in restoring vigour to our Government, and giving the Legislature strength to deal with various social and political problems. It is indeed said that he did not show how an extension of the franchise would act in the manner described. But if it be true, as we think it is, that the great obstacles to legislation on questions like education, the poor-laws, and the Irish Church, are the prejudices and the supposed interests of the lower and least intelligent portions of the middle class—if similar prejudices and similar interests of the moneyed and territorial classes embarrass our dealings with the Irish land question—then we have everything to hope from an appeal to a larger body of electors. With regard to foreign policy, the recent vacillations, both of the Government and Parliament, have fully shown that our rulers are growing more and more timid and undecided, because they are more and more uncertain how far they can rely on the support of the nation, or how far the House of Commons really represents its opinions. There, again, the remedy is obvious, and we believe that it would be effectual. We shall increase the strength of our Administration by bringing it into closer connection with the people. Government by a class has brought us into contempt; we must "try the nation," or, at any rate, that portion of it which possesses political intelligence and political independence.

RUSSIA AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

By common consent, there is once again some danger of the Eastern question being revived. The great Muscovite Power, whose projects the Crimean war defeated, has, since the termination of the war, undergone many troubles, and its Emperor has again and again received that personal commiseration which civilized communities cannot withhold from well-

intentioned sovereigns, surrounded by traditions they had no share in making, and forced into conduct for which, individually, they have no predilection. But a course of liberal internal policy has added elements of strength to the Russian power, which has also been supported by discreet and earnest alliances, and neither interior nor extraneous advantages ever accrue to this great State without a reappearance of the imposing personality which is supposed to symbolize its destiny. Everything Russian is overhung by a certain picturesque grandeur. A contemporary published the other day an anecdote of Mouravieff, to the effect that, when he caned his son, an officer forty years of age, for showing clemency to Poles who were ready to pay for immunity, the Russians exclaimed with intense admiration, "Mais c'est Pierre le Grand." And this criticism would serve very well for much that is peculiar, and to other Powers alarming in Russia's conduct and aims. It is all Peter the Great. That is, Peter's traditions still live; his policy, with slight modifications, is still presumably the guide of Russian conduct; and wherever the hobgoblin of Russian intrigue meets our view, "c'est Pierre le Grand," whose coarse and one-idea'd, but adroitly worked, ambition, alarms us. The whole subject is a dry and uninviting one. It has axioms of its own which render the Eastern question almost an occult science. It imports into the guidance of international conduct principles with which we do not meet in ordinary politics, or which we only meet under close disguises. But somehow the Eastern question springs up whenever there is anything resembling a convulsion in Europe; and suddenly, after years of indifference, we begin to talk of the necessity of saving Constantinople from the Russian grasp, as if no other political contingency had ever been so imminent or tangible. At the present moment the creation of a new German Federation awakens with unerring certainty the dormant problem, to which the novel conditions under which Austria exists lends peculiar interest and suggestiveness. Not even so simple and domestic an event as the Czarewitch's marriage is allowed to pass without generating a number of those mysterious suspicions of Russian intrigue which it is the first principle of Eastern policy to entertain, though they are rarely justified by anything one encounters in actual affairs. In the indulgence of these apprehensions we are only imitating our predecessors. Louis Philippe, even in private letters, frequently burst forth into excited protests against Russian aggression. Masters of the Eastern question still deem it, nevertheless, one of the greatest blots upon his foreign administration that, when he had so heartily joined in the "celebrated union of the Five Powers," he and all his successive Ministers obstinately prevented anything effectual being done to check the Russian intrigues he held so much in horror. This is only an example of the incoherency common to all conduct pursued at the dictates of "Eastern question" suspicions. M. Guizot attributes the strange and persistent inaction of Louis Philippe to the brilliant and vivid interest attaching to Egypt in France as "the theatre of national and singular glory." However it came about, one of its results was the formation, by Lord Palmerston, of plans most irritating to the French king, because made *sans lui et contre lui*, the object of which was to do without Russia as well as without France, and to "despatch the Eastern affair," as Lord Melbourne coolly said, without reference to the two Powers most certain to insist upon intermeddling with it. These arrangements succeeded for the time, and their success was esteemed a fine triumph for Lord Palmerston, whose greatest boast it was to curb at all turns what he used to call the "grasping ambition" of Russia, and to protect in so doing "political and commercial freedom." However seriously Russia's penchant for Constantinople may have endangered our interests, the result shows that Lord Palmerston presumed too much on the influence of England and his own dexterous force when he left Russia and France out of his schemes, and addressed himself exclusively to Austria and Prussia. The result very clearly proved, what it is always most essential to remember, that so long as there is an Eastern question Russia must be in it, and France will not consent to be out of it. For what happened? These two Powers found in the Holy Places an excuse for a quarrel which rapidly grew in a manner which Lord Palmerston in the height of his power as Foreign Minister could not have controlled. But Lord Palmerston was no longer Foreign Minister. A Pharaoh who knew the Russian Joseph was installed in the English premiership. "*Ce cher Aberdeen*" was known not to entertain Lord Palmerston's suspicions, and the Czar Nicholas, attributing, as was natural in so absolute an autocrat, too much to the individual power of the English first minister, mooted proposals which, reasonable or unreasonable, righteous or unrighteous, politic or unpolitic, likely or unlikely to set the Eastern question for ever at rest, could not possibly be entertained by a

Power so thoroughly committed as England was to an anti-Russian policy. It must always appear to common-sense observers very remarkable that a country professedly governed by public opinion should have enforced such extremely definite ideas as it did upon a subject on which the general mind of the country had hardly two ideas to rub together. But, in 1854, England was a veritable and active member of a European federation which has since ceased to be. Indeed, nearly ten years later, Lord Russell—who, for a peace Minister, is the surest quarrel-picker ever intrusted with a despatch-box—declared in Parliament that “We ought not to keep ourselves apart from the other nations of Europe, but when future questions should arise, stand ready to act with others.” What in 1863 sounded rash, and in 1866 reads like obsolete heresy, was in 1854 the recognised canon of our foreign policy. At the merest hint that our will was being opposed in the East, the national feeling burst into a flame. The Czar’s “sick-man” proposals to Sir Hamilton Seymour would alone have served if there had been no other *casus belli*, and, the war once commenced, Lord Aberdeen, the very Minister who declared it, was for a week or two deemed little better than a traitor, and had to justify himself by columns of explanatory statement, because he happened to say that “War should be waged merely for the sake of peace, though not less vigorously on that account, and should be terminated at the first moment that peace became possible on a just and honourable basis.” As for Lord Russell, it was not many months before he stood in the House of Commons protesting almost in the same breath that, in his opinion, the terms he had just been set aside for proposing at Vienna were just and adequate, and that other and further security for the future peace of Europe ought to be insisted on since it would be dangerous and disgraceful to conclude a peace with Russia while Sebastopol remained a standing menace to the world.

Why do we array before our readers these wearisome records of acts and speeches in which it is difficult to say whether want of information or dogmatism—the absence of statesmanship or the presence of headstrong national and parliamentary determination—was most conspicuous? Simply because there is more available instruction in this retrospect than in any contemplation of the shreds of fact and waifs of rumour amidst which the Eastern question is now once more agitated. That England, having besieged Sebastopol, should deem the taking of Sebastopol a point of honour, was both natural and right. The more laborious the undertaking—presuming it to be practicable—the more absolute the necessity of accomplishing it. Nor need we hesitate to agree that, on the whole, the results of the Crimean war, in reference to the Eastern question, were excellent—Russian pretensions receiving a wholesome setting down, while the rights of the Christian races and the virtual independence of the Principalities were not ill-secured. But while admitting all this, let us acknowledge how sorry was the cause in which we fought—how vague and contradictory were the reasons we assigned for fighting—and how correctly certain of our leading statesmen extracted from the turbid circumstances of the time, the principles that ought to guide us in any future revival of the Eastern question. Mr. Bright’s denunciations of the war were neutralized by his dominant fanaticism for peace, there having at that time been no American struggle to raise a yet stronger fanaticism to expel it. Mr. Cobden’s diatribes—strange to say—were even less worthy of respect. His exposures of the worthlessness and barbarism of Turkey were indeed valuable; but when he talked of the importance of Russian commerce, and reminded the country that Russia was a Power which the genius and boundless resources of Napoleon had failed to subdue, he was strangely inconsistent with his memorable “crumpling-up” speech, in which he had derided Russia as a sort of pauper empire; nor was he less at variance with the facts of the case, as the conquest of Russia by the united armies in due time showed. But the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Earl Grey were not open to these criticisms, and they may be read now with the greatest advantage as the best possible correctives of any disposition either to wage war for Turkey, or to regard with excessive suspicion the conduct of Russia. Everything then urged by these speakers has since been confirmed and rendered more applicable by subsequent events, and it is reassuring to know that if the efforts of alarmists were now to pass beyond the columns of the press, and seemed likely to shake the constancy of Parliament, the great statesman who repudiated so convincingly the terrors of the Russophobists in 1855 would be ready to repeat, with augmented authority, the wise utterances which it was impossible for the country at that moment to heed. Everything that has since occurred has tended to lessen Russia’s capability to do harm.

The lesson of the war itself was a sharp one. The great social changes which have occurred under the present Emperor, if they have increased the loyalty of the millions, have placed in a somewhat dubious situation the nobility of Russia; and the natural tendency of such changes is to afford abundant occupation to internal statesmanship, and little temptation to roam abroad in search of political enterprises. It is suggested that Prussia will soon be Germany and annex Denmark, and that we should thus incur in the waters of the North the dangers we went to so much trouble to avoid in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. But the whole spirit of recent annexations is that of nationality as opposed to mere aggrandisement, and every step towards territorial conformity to nationality is a step towards absolute non-intervention. Even should Prussia and Russia unite their interests we know of no object they could gain by injuring any other Power. Turkey, we may be very sure, will not be annexed by a *coup de main*; and if the disturbances in the Ottoman dominions continue, and lead to any Russian proposals to England and France, the obvious moral of the Crimean war is that those proposals should not be received in a hostile spirit, but be made as they might with great advantage subjects for calm and amicable discussion. As to India, the alarmists themselves tell us that Russia is drawing so close to our frontier that without getting Turkey at all she could stir up a mutiny in our dominions if she chose; and, indeed, it has just been admitted by a great diurnal authority, whom we might have expected from recent menaces to have been against us, that Russian encroachments in Central Asia are in the first place salutary, and in the second place may easily be excelled by British enterprise pushing out as it is already from the Indian frontier. Nor does the terrible Russo-American alliance greatly alarm us. The *Opinion Nationale* calls it a monstrous alliance of democracy with despotism; while the *New York Herald* ingeniously argues that the two empires are precisely alike, and naturally sympathetic—not because there is a river in Macedon as well as in Monmouth, but because Russia and America have both emancipated their serfs, and both have a good deal of unoccupied land. There seems to be a considerable dash of not very distinct sentiment in this international *liaison*, and we suspect it is fostered not a little by the characteristic love of the Yankees for anything big, especially any “big thing” that can be pitted against this country. But only in the event of England quarrelling with one of these Powers can the friendship between them be of serious interest to Englishmen; and we see no reason to believe that either Power will provoke hostilities, or seek anything but our goodwill. The “colossi of the world” may stride away, therefore, “spanning two oceans,” and our equanimity will not be disturbed, except by the peculiar and unmanageable metaphors of the eloquent journalists who describe their strident feats. On the whole, the only original suggestion that has lately been made on the Eastern question is that which proposes that Austria should consolidate in a great empire the disorganized provinces of European Turkey. But, so far from this redeeming Austria, or pacifying the provinces, we can conceive of nothing more certain to occasion that “mischief on the largest scale”—as Bentham called it—war. Our conclusion, therefore, is, that the Eastern question should at once be dropped out of British calculations—with this proviso, that if it ever should undeniably present itself, we should not attempt to settle it either without Russia, or in hostility to Russia, except in the very last resort.

HOLLAND.

THERE is a general impression in England that the politics of Holland are as stagnant as its rivers, and as monotonous as its coast. But no impression could be more unfounded. For the last twenty years this little kingdom has been the scene of the most vigorous party conflicts, resulting in a continuous career of improvement and progress, which may even rival that which has marked our own history during the same period. It has passed a Reform Bill, dealing not only with the constitution of the Lower but of the Upper Chamber; it has adopted free trade and abolished its ancient navigation laws; it has emancipated the slaves in its West Indian colonies; it has constructed a complete and well-arranged railway system; it has remodelled its local institutions; modified the ecclesiastical arrangements of the country; and greatly developed its system of national education. The attention of its statesmen not having been distracted by foreign affairs, over which they could exercise no influence, has been concentrated with the happiest effect upon the domestic concerns of the country, and it would at the present moment be probably difficult to find a people

better governed, or more thoroughly contented with their institutions, than are the Dutch. Still there is no reason to feel any surprise that a ministerial crisis should have arisen in a country where political thought is so active, and political controversy is proportionately energetic. Some of the writers in English journals who have lately touched upon this subject seem to regard such an occurrence with as much wonder as the ancients are said to have witnessed a sudden thunderstorm in a clear sky. But there is really no cause for apprehension in the fact that in a constitutionally governed country the Chambers should have been dissolved, because the Ministry did not choose to resign without an appeal to the country, after they had been subjected to a vote of want of confidence. It is true that very disquieting rumours are in circulation; that the Government are accused of intending to resort to a *coup d'état* in case the elections should go against them; and that the King is said to favour their designs. But so far as we can discover there is no foundation for these reports, which are in all probability merely the off-spring of the excited feelings of the hour. There is certainly nothing in the character of the King or in the recent political history of the country to give them any countenance, and we should imagine that any Government would shrink from provoking by arbitrary measures the phlegmatic but stubborn and liberty-loving Hollanders. We are not, therefore, disposed to look with alarm upon the existing "difficulty" which has grown up out of a controversy, now of some years' standing, in respect to the management of the island of Java. That island is, as every one knows, the most valuable of the Dutch colonial possessions. During the last fifty years its population has increased nearly three-fold, its revenues have augmented by four millions sterling annually, and its produce of rice, coffee, sugar, indigo, and other articles, has been developed in a corresponding ratio. This great improvement has, however, been effected under the operation of a system of forced labour, which is, in fact, only slavery under another name. Nor are there wanting plausible arguments to prove that even a still greater improvement might have been attained if the industrious Malays had been left at liberty to turn their own industry to the best advantage, and if the immigration of Chinese had at the same time been encouraged. We cannot, however, enter into the merits of this controversy; it must suffice to say that for some time the advanced Liberal party in the country—true to their principles and their convictions—have strenuously agitated for the abolition of what they justly regarded as slavery. On the other hand the Conservative party, equally true to their principles and traditions, have no less strenuously maintained the old system, by the aid of much the same kind of facts and arguments which were employed to prevent emancipation in our own colonies. The Government occupied a position between the two. They were willing to modify but afraid to abandon the forced culture system. They were not indisposed to concede something to freedom, but they were unwilling to risk everything in the way of revenue. The bill which they introduced to carry out their views shared the fate of most half-measures, being defeated by a temporary coalition of the two extreme parties. Whether the Government thought that they could accomplish indirectly that which they had failed to accomplish directly we do not know, but it is certain that immediately after their defeat they took a step which inevitably exposed them to much suspicion. They sent out the author of the obnoxious scheme to Java as Governor-General. The Chambers, not unnaturally, took fire at a proceeding which, although not unconstitutional, and perhaps not dishonestly meant, was, to say the least, exceedingly ill-advised. The vote of no confidence to which we have alluded immediately followed, and that in turn was succeeded by the dissolution of Parliament. Holland is, therefore, at the present moment in the throes of a general election; and the contest is being waged with much of that heat and passion which this question of slavery seldom fails to evoke in the coolest natures. Still there is nowadays nothing turbulent in the excitement of the Dutch. The public peace is in no danger, nor is it likely that any justification will be afforded for the violent measures said to be in contemplation by the Government. The return of a large Liberal majority is considered certain; and if this expectation should be realized, we cannot help thinking that neither the Sovereign nor his Ministers will be foolish enough and wicked enough to provoke discontent, if not rebellion, at home, in order to maintain serfdom in the Eastern Archipelago.

Under any circumstances, and at any time, a policy of this kind would deserve the strongest censure. But at the present time it would be positive insanity. Pressed on every side by powerful empires, only too anxious to extend their boundaries,

and little scrupulous as to the manner of doing it—deprived of the protection which the territorial arrangements of Europe were at one time supposed to give them—the only strength of small States, and the only chance of maintaining their independence, lies in the content of their people, and in the thorough harmony between the governors and the governed. Public opinion is not very powerful in Europe just now, but still it is sufficiently strong to interpose some check to the absorption of a country perfectly at one with itself. Once, however, let domestic dissensions pass the bounds of political controversy, and the door is open to foreign intrigue and foreign aggression. Public opinion will no longer protect a country that has betrayed itself; and as soon as the matter is reduced to a question of physical force, the weakest of course will go to the wall. In the case of Holland these considerations are not merely speculative. She is at the present moment involved in a dispute with Prussia, which, according to some accounts, has already assumed a threatening aspect, and which, under the bold and dexterous management of Count Bismarck, might easily be made to result in the transfer of a couple of provinces from the smaller to the larger State. The King of Holland was a member of the late German Confederation, in right of the Duchies of Luxemburg and Limburg, which contain about one-eighth of the total population of the kingdom. As such, he had a right to take part in the controversies which distracted the Diet before the outbreak of the late war. He, however, wisely declined to take part with either Austria or Prussia; and as soon as the Bund came to an end, after the battle of Königgratz, he, very properly as it seems to us, arrived at the conclusion that all ties between him and Germany were at an end. Neither he nor his duchies had any connection with it, except as parts of a system which had come to an end; and that being so, it seemed to him that the break up of the Bund had restored complete independence both to him and them. Unfortunately, however, for him and for Holland, the fortress of Luxemburg is one of great strength, and as a Federal fortification it has of late years received a mixed Prussian and Dutch garrison. This post of vantage Count Bismarck is unwilling to lose; and therefore, under the pretence that Prussia, as the head of the new Confederacy, succeeds to all the rights over North German States that were possessed by the late Bund, he refuses to evacuate Luxemburg, and insists that in respect of that province, the King of Holland shall become a member of the North German Union. There is really not the slightest ground for such a demand; but, then, that is not a matter of much importance, seeing that the Prussians occupy Luxemburg and refuse to march out. Possession is, as we all know, always nine points of the law, but when the controversy is between two such Powers as Holland and Prussia it is the tenth also. Unless France intervenes, the former Power must yield on pain of seeing Luxemburg forcibly wrested from her; and although it might have been expected that Louis Napoleon would not be indifferent to the possession by Prussia of a first-rate fortress, in the immediate neighbourhood of France, he has as yet made no sign, and appears to be bent on nothing so much as on avoiding all chance of a collision with Count Bismarck. It is not difficult to foresee the probable result. Half in and half out of the North German Confederacy, Holland will be exposed to the same sort of attack under which Denmark succumbed. If the slightest warrant can be discovered for such an assertion, we may expect in due course to hear that the Germans of Luxemburg are tyrannized over by the Dutch of Holland. The patriotic ardour of the Germans will be aroused on behalf of a branch of their race; Prussia will step forward as the champion of a sacred cause; there will be much tedious negotiation and many lying despatches, terminating when the opportunity serves in the annexation of Luxemburg. That is the danger which now confronts both the king and the people of Holland, and it is one against which they can only protect themselves by offering to the world the spectacle of general contentment and complete union. If discord creeps in amongst them, they may rely upon it that their powerful and cunning neighbour will find a means of turning it to his own advantage.

ROME AND VENICE.

THAT Holy Roman Empire (of which Voltaire so wittily remarked that it was neither "holy," nor "Roman," nor "an empire") has just had its last vestiges swept away from the Italian soil by the departure of its representative and successor—Austria. The same year which has witnessed this great event will probably behold, before its close, another not

less momentous,—the virtual break-up of a kindred domination, of that temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs which, twelve centuries ago, was founded on the Herulian, the Ostragoth, and the Lombard Powers. It is remarkable, in this contemporaneous overthrow, that it has been brought about by internal revolt even more than by foreign hostility,—that the final collapse of the proud military monarchy professing to represent the Germanic, or Holy Roman Empire, should have been effected by a German rival, and that the successive acts by which the Roman Pontiff has been stripped of his dominions, and the further measures by which his sway is menaced, are the direct work of the Italian people. What great changes in the public opinion of central and southern Europe are embodied by these facts will be best seen when we call to mind that, within the reigns of the present Austrian Emperor and the present Roman Pontiff, nearly all Germany asserted the right to maintain Italy in subjection, whilst nearly all Italy saw its best hopes of liberation in the authority of the Holy See. The secular interests and ambitions which, though no longer retaining the old antagonistic names of Guelph and Ghibelline, had always continued to survive, have, strange to say, contemporaneously and concordantly abjured their errors; and to this common abjuration we owe the battle of Sadowa, and that pregnant September Convention for leaving the Papacy to its own unaided administrative devices, of which we are shortly to witness the effects.

That these events constitute a great turning point in modern history all will admit. But the full magnitude of the change, we cannot help thinking, is very far from being generally or fully apprehended. Even the Italian publicists and politicians, whose articles and speeches abound with such stereotyped phrases as “our country at length taking her place at the common banquet of nations;” “a sixth great Power claiming its rank in the councils of Europe beside the other five;” “the promise of complete freedom from the Alps to the Adriatic finally realized;” even these publicists and politicians very imperfectly measure the great revolution in which they play a part. That revolution amounts to nothing less than the disruption of ties, stretching up through so many centuries to the Empire of the Cæsars, of an Imperialism which possessed in the Papacy its sacerdotal, and in Austria its political continuation of a bondage which jurists and theologians, statesmen and poets, had, in long succession, been willing, even eager, to endure. If it be true, as one of our clearest writers and subtlest thinkers has set forth, that Caesarism and Sacerdotalism are forces which in reality have never yet been conquered, and still compress in their historical fetters those populations of which the organization bears the chief traces of the old Roman Empire; if it be equally true that the cosmopolitan Imperialism, political and religious, of heathen Europe, is operative down to this moment, and that it is the living spirit of Rome assuming alternately a civil and a religious form; if it be further true, as the same curious speculations affirm, that whilst the spirit of old Rome has in fact lived on through all the changing fortunes of Christendom, and but a few small free States have escaped from the dominion of this living spirit of a dead empire—the only great State that has done so being England,—then the great changes of which the Italian Peninsula is now the scene, amount rather to the passage from ancient and mediæval, into modern history, than a mere political liberation, however long-desired, or a mere national independence, however general and complete. And the union of Venice with the rest of Italy, so desirable at all times, has a still higher value at the present moment, because in Venice alone, whatever might have been the faults of its stern oligarchy, were preserved unbroken the traditions of an Italian Government, absolutely free from any foreign influence, a jealousy of priestly interference unknown in the rest of Italy, and certain plain, practical, homely habits of political action, which, even in the recent temptations and trials of Italian revolution, have never been belied. The Venetians have hardly had sufficient credit given them for the long self-imposed, self-enforced mourning, by which they, the most joyous of all the sons of Italy, the fondest of mirth and revelry, daily and hourly placed on record their social protest against the presence of the foreign soldier. They have had no credit whatever given to them for the admirable political foresight with which, within a few days of the election to the Presidency of the French Republic of the present Emperor, they set before him, through their able envoys, Tommaseo and Pasini, the very same inexorable logic of facts, as to the relations of the Bonaparte dynasty with the Roman Pontiff, which, twelve years later, at the commencement of 1860, were so conclusively, so unanswerably embodied by the Emperor Napoleon III. himself in his memorable letter to Pius IX. And they have by no

means had the further credit for one circumstance which, when we consider their hardships under the Austrian yoke, is above all praise,—the fact, namely, that, whilst Venetians in all parts of Europe have contributed by speech and pen to keep alive the interest in their common country; whilst they have, when that career was once opened up to them, entered by thousands, and served honourably in civil or military characters under the House of Savoy; not one has been induced to stray into the dark paths of conspiracy and assassination. With such antecedents, we cannot help believing that, if Italy has made so valuable a military acquisition by the substitution of her own soldiers for those of Austria in the fortresses of the Quadrilateral, she will likewise receive no ordinary moral gain from the presence of the Venetian representatives in her Parliament, and from the due infusion of Venetian statesmanship in her Cabinet. As the Florence Legislature must, before long, be occupied with the discussion of politico-religious questions, on which, judging from the recent troubles at Palermo, so much agitation prevails in Italy, and, judging from the pastorals of the Romish Hierarchy in England, so great a confusion of ideas exists in foreign countries, it is well that the writers and thinkers of the newly-liberated province, where the anti-Papal opinions of Fra Paolo Sarpi and his school struck such deep root and have never ceased to flourish, should bring to national discussions—possessing many and important international bearings—the clearness of intellectual vision, the shrewd estimate of individual character, and the judicial impartiality, which have secured for the author of “The History of the Council of Trent” the foremost place amongst the historians of modern Italy.

Venice, then, is now free, and has pronounced unmistakably on her own destiny. The voting that has taken place within the last few days is certainly one of the most complete expressions of the popular will ever seen even in our times, when “the will of people” has become a fact to be considered by every ruler who would not merely increase his power, but maintain it. When first the Emperor Napoleon proposed that the fate of Venetia should be decided by a *plébiscite*, it was feared in certain quarters that some dishonest tampering with the votes was intended, and that the design was entertained of creating a separate State in the north-east of Italy, in subservience to French interests, and in direct opposition to the unity of the Peninsula. We have no reason to believe that such a project was ever considered for a moment; but, even had it been, it would have been shattered into atoms by the force of that almost unanimous voting. Where a whole people can express its wishes, there need be no great fear of coercion.

THE COMMERCIAL CRISIS IN BOMBAY.

THE last overland mail brings us commercial intelligence which is not of a nature to make glad those who trade with Bombay. It is true that the price of cotton was a shade firmer, that the exchange was favourable for those who had to draw on England, that money was cheap, and Manchester goods commanded fair prices. But with all these favourable symptoms, confidence, even in the most respectable firms, appears to be very materially shaken; and when we read the names of native merchants in Bombay who have been obliged to suspend payment since the commencement of August last, the only wonder is that credit has survived at all throughout the capital of Western India, or that the bills of any mercantile house in the place are not regarded as but so much waste paper. The list is headed by the well-known Mr. Premchund Roychund, whose firm, three months ago, might have been looked on as the Baring Brothers of Bombay. The liabilities of this house amount to no less than two millions two hundred and thirty thousand pounds sterling; and the nominal assets—a great deal being, of course, paper accepted by firms which the failure must bring down—to somewhere about half the amount. To this suspension succeeds the following list, which may be said to include all, or nearly all, the best native firms in Bombay:—Oomersey, Mooljee, & Co., liabilities £53,614, assets £20,445; Sewjee, Nensey, & Co., liabilities £214,959, assets £71,267; Bharmul, Purbut, & others, liabilities £191,036, assets £74,071; Dosabhoj Kirpal, liabilities £67,685, assets £46,262; Rustomjee Ardasir, liabilities £105,433, assets £15,171; Pestonjee Cursetjee Shroff, liabilities £1,105,840, assets £248,320; and, lastly, Jewras, Ruttonsey, & Co., with liabilities amounting to £119,820, and assets of £27,000. When to this list is added the fact that Mr. Rustomjee Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, a son of the well-known Parsee baronet, has been obliged to call his creditors together, and that no less

than fifteen banking establishments, having either head offices or branches in Bombay, have gone into liquidation since the commencement of this year, it may easily be imagined that insolvency and universal distrust must be more the rule than the exception amongst the native trading community of Western India.

Naturally enough the question will arise as to what can have effected such a general financial collapse, and the cause will not be difficult to trace. The share-taking mania which was so strong in England two years ago, broke out with tenfold vigour in Bombay, and this at a time when, owing to the American war, East-Indian cotton was high, money plentiful, and almost unlimited credit the order of the day. For years before the period of which we write, there were in Bombay banks enough for all the purposes of legitimate commerce. But when the natives saw how new bubble schemes prospered in England, they were not slow to try and make money by the same means, and as with us so with them, "promoting" companies, issuing lying prospectuses, the allotting, buying, and selling of shares, and the other means of becoming wealthy at the expense of others, became all at once the pursuit of every man in the Presidency. It will hardly be believed that in one single month—that of November, 1864—there were issued in the town of Bombay prospectuses of no less than thirty-one new banking and financial companies, every one of which came out at a premium, and for the shares of which there was a universal scramble—without counting innumerable other schemes which appeared at the same time for the making, building, reclaiming, mining, growing, weaving, and construction, of every imaginable kind of houses, mills, lands, ships, steamers, mines, gas, water, cotton, cloths, silks, and all other "industries" which the fertile Hindoo brain could conceive. This, be it remembered, in a town the whole population of which consisted of barely five hundred thousand souls. The Oriental is very different in many particulars from the European, and in none more so than the object of his labours in trade or finance. He loves money for money's sake, and may be said to worship wealth with a devotion unknown in Western lands. At the time when this universal fight for wealth commenced, the cotton market of Bombay, as we said before, was most prosperous, and the natives thought the influx of wealth and perpetual rise in the price of the staple must last for ever. When the system of purchasing shares for a few rupees, and selling them for perhaps double that number of pounds, came to be fully understood, it was as if a new message from heaven had been revealed to a hitherto ignorant people. Plenty of money coming in, their capital turned over six or seven times in the year, and unlimited means of investing their gains at fabulous rates of interest, were together the means of turning the heads of the whole population; and men who had hitherto borne excellent characters for sober steady dealing, were at once turned into the most reckless of speculators. The ventures in cotton became larger and larger. If a native could command a capital of ten thousand pounds, he traded for at least a couple of hundred thousand—often more. To observant men in Europe it was evident that the American war was drawing to a close, and that the price of East Indian cotton would soon go down. But the native merchants could not or would not see this. Their shipments became larger and larger, and by way of what sporting men call "hedging their money," they increased their speculations in shares as they made larger their ventures in produce and merchandise. At last, all the leading English firms trading to the East became more and more cautious, in many cases refusing to accept bills drawn against shipments of cotton, and declining altogether to send out large consignments of Manchester goods to Bombay. But by this time many of the chief native firms were independent of their English correspondents, having sent to England countrymen of their own, who set up mercantile houses in London, and served as agents upon whom the Bombay firms could draw bills to almost any amount. By the older hands in the East Indian trade the paper thus set afloat was not thought much of; they regarded it as what in City slang is termed "Pig upon Bacon" bills—which in every-day language means one firm drawing upon another house that is part and parcel of itself, so that if the drawee fails, the drawer must follow suit. But some London banks—that is, more particularly the young joint-stock banks "limited," anxious for business at any price, and glad to take any amount of risk so they obtained business—took the bills, and discounted them, and went to the bad in consequence of their mistake. Thus the game went on. The money drawn—or rather overdrawn—against the value of cotton here, serving to feed the flame of wild speculation there. At last the American war came to an end, and East Indian cotton fell in value; some forced rates took

place at Liverpool; the banks here refused cotton paper; the bubble speculations in Bombay burst; "Pig," who had drawn heavily upon "Bacon," failed because the latter had not met his acceptances; and "Bacon" said he must suspend because "Pig" had drawn bills which far exceeded the value of the shipments against which it was drawn. Several of the banks that did business with India were obliged to wind up their affairs, and all save the old steady-going houses who had dealings with the East repented them greatly of the same. The smaller East Indian firms in London were nearly all smashed at a blow, and the older merchants rejoiced in their superior wisdom. In a word, the whole trade with Western India received a check from which it will not recover for some considerable time, if indeed it ever does, and the end of the tale is the winding up of firms, of which we have given a list above, and the liquidation of more than a dozen banking establishments in the same place and about the same time.

The future result of this collapse in Indian credit is not difficult to foretell. Already, and for some time past, symptoms of it are plainly visible in every commercial circular having reference to the East. There is little doubt but that the cotton trade of that country will recede during the next five years more than it has advanced in the past ten. Manchester goods will be sent to Bombay, for they have been for many years past an absolute necessity to the natives. But even these shipments will be either entirely in the hands of Hindoo and Parsee firms established in England, or else English houses will only consign them on receipt of their full value, not before. In short, trade with Bombay threatens to become what commerce with the Levant has been for several years past, and the effect will have been brought about by the same cause. Where respectable English merchants find their correspondents overtrading, or that reckless speculations are taking the place of legitimate commerce, their rule of conduct is always to drop the connection as quickly as possible, and leave less wealthy houses of smaller means and inferior credit to take their place. This has already happened with respect to Bombay. Such London and Liverpool firms as still trade to that port have all their own agents at the Presidency, and will only attend to native orders for money already paid down. Where credit fails, commerce must languish, and in the end die out altogether. The tide of trade which two years before had set in with such strength towards the East, has now ebbed quicker than it flowed, and is most unlikely to regain its former force. With America it is exactly the contrary. That country has shown what it can go through, and in proportion as American engagements have been met in spite of extreme difficulties, so the confidence of England in Western trade has increased tenfold. It is more than likely that, owing to the facilities of business being so much easier for the West than the East, our future cotton trade will be even more exclusively with the former than it was before the civil war. Four or five years ago, many a really respectable London merchant would gladly have given a cheque for £500 in return for an introduction to a first-class Bombay native firm, so large was the amount of orders from that place, and so safe the payments considered. Now there is not a house within two miles of the Bank that would take such an introduction as a gift. When a people have brought their name into much discredit, they, like individuals in the same predicament, have seldom others than themselves to blame; and so it is in the present instance. The worst feature in the case is that we have not yet heard the end of the mischief done. With the fall of Mr. Premchund Boychund, there are many banks, finance companies, and private firms that will be obliged to follow suit. This gentleman has for months past been obtaining large loans on securities which are now utterly worthless. Of these, it is said by the Bombay correspondent, the Government Bank of Bombay alone holds £100,000. And if the best and most prudently managed establishment in the place—holding locally the position that the Bank of England does in London—has been so let in, may we not look to the falling of many minor stars? Between this and Christmas the Bombay mail is hardly likely to bring pleasant news for those who have money in Western India.

BARRACK MISMANAGEMENT.

AFTER the unexpected success of Prussia, we were all in a desperate way about our army, its numbers, its organization, its weapons, its efficiency. How was England, if the necessity arose, to meet such a Power in the field, or, indeed, any Power, for no doubt France, and Austria, and Russia, would take warning by the campaign in Bohemia, and remodel their armies. They could do so, for they had the material; but how was

England, with whom enlistment is voluntary, and who has to divide her small army between home and her distant possessions, to increase it so that it should be able to maintain her honour? It did not occur to those who were so earnestly debating this question, that there was a prior one to be answered, whether, namely, we had so faithfully discharged our duty towards a small army, as to deserve to be made rulers over a large one. One of the notable features in the organization of the Prussian army was the admirable accommodation for the sick and wounded; and we may rest assured that so long as enlistment is voluntary men will not forsake the well-paid occupations of peace to enter a service where they will be exposed to unnecessary danger. It is one of the difficulties we have to contend against, that soldiers enlisting in the English army will have to take their turn of service in foreign parts, will have to face the perils of long sea voyages, and the still greater dangers of an Eastern or West Indian climate—bad enough under any circumstances—certain death to an increased per centage over the ordinary rate of mortality, and, in case of neglect, to a very large per centage. Unhappily, too, neglect has not always been the exception. Practical people as we think ourselves, we see how sanitary abuses still linger amongst us at home, in spite of thirty years' preaching and legislating, and the action of the press. But the soldier serving, say, in the West Indies, has none of these protections. The British public is thousands of miles away from him, grumbling over home grievances, and not reckoning how he and the yellow fever square matters together. Has he a sufficient guarantee in the wisdom of those who command him that what can be done for his health will be done? Let us see.

In the fifth volume of the Statistical, Sanitary, and Medical Reports, we have the report, published by authority, and presented to Parliament, of Deputy-Inspector-General Barrow on the epidemic of yellow fever which occurred last year in Bermuda. Towards the end of June, 1865, the epidemic made its appearance, and in July the 2nd Regiment, 756 strong, arrived from Gibraltar, and was encamped—seven companies at Bowz Island, and three at the Navy Tanks—within half a mile of St. George's Town. Now, if there is any place in the Bermudas in whose neighbourhood a wise man would rather not be at any time, much less at such a time, it is St. George's. It is densely populated, it is not drained, it preserves its filth as a priceless treasure in cesspools, it lies in a basin, is cut off from all winds, and, as Dr. Barrow says, is the very place for yellow fever to run riot in. Yet in this place our military authorities constantly quarter a portion of our small and costly army. And it is instructive to observe with what success they have complemented the resources of nature with the ingenuity of art. In summer, when we would suppose they would be hot enough, the barracks have the additional advantage of having the prevailing south-west wind fenced off by a lofty wall which has been built within a few feet of the rear of the building. Moreover, as their ventilation is bad, ceilings low, and windows small, and the men's rooms, with rare felicity of design, are scarcely raised above the level of the ground. In order that nothing might be wanting which art might invent to make the barracks unwholesome, the whole area has been inclosed by a wall which obstructs the sea view, and keeps off the southerly winds. As might be expected from the sanitary notions displayed in the general design, the hospital is the most unwholesome part of the whole establishment. It is intended for 48 patients, though it is fit only for 24; the wards are fitted up with closets, for which there is no supply of water, and, to crown all, a few hundred yards off there is a burial-ground choke full of dead bodies—no wonder!

It was in the immediate vicinity of this salubrious spot that three companies of the 2nd Regiment were encamped on the 15th of July, 1865, at a time when yellow fever was known to have made its appearance. In vain was the commanding officer warned by the officer of health instantly to remove his men from the infected spot—what should a non-combatant know about soldiers? The commanding officer would not budge. Seven days later, however, the epidemic struck the regiment, and from that day the men began to die off so fast, that the commanding officer saw himself in imminent peril of having no one to command but himself—perhaps not even himself. But then he would only do the right thing by halves. He moved a portion of his men to Ferry Point, but left behind him 6 officers and 56 men in the camp; while, in spite of all warnings, the head quarters, the commissariat, the civil departments, and the general hospital establishments, where the sick were being treated, were allowed to remain in the very focus of the disease. Thus matters went on till Dr. Barrow and six other medical men arrived from Canada on the 25th of August,

two medical officers having arrived from Halifax on the 23rd. He found all the doctors of the place prostrated. By this time there had been 238 cases of fever and 65 deaths, of which 53 occurred at St. George's. In the general hospital there were 100 sick, and 13 fresh cases were admitted on the day of his arrival. Observe what he tells us about this hospital. "The sick," he says, "were not only lying around the wards, but may be said to have covered the entire floor." Let imagination fill in the picture of this pest-house, into which the commanding officer crowded his men as they sickened, instead of doing what any man of sense would have done—yet what Dr. Barrow found great difficulty in getting done—placing the sick under tents, and so giving them a chance for their lives. Out of 290 cases treated at St. George's, 107 died; and of the officers who were left then, 30 took the disease and 14 died.

The public do not learn these facts from an indignant looker-on, or some sergeant or private soldier, whose common sense was outraged by the stupidity of his superiors, and who might be inclined to make the matter look worse than it was. The statement on which they come to us is an official one, and is probably rather under than over the mark. It is impossible to conceive anything more wild than the imprudence of the Government which has appointed such a station for its troops, or of the commanding officer who, when warned to remove his men from the contagion, obstinately refused to do so. Surely, if any offence is to be the subject of a court-martial, the officer who wantonly and in the teeth of competent warning hazards the lives of the men under his command is such an offence. A commander in the navy who loses a gunboat must pass through that ordeal; but the loss of 107 lives through the most abominable fool-hardiness is not worth a reprimand. Why talk, then, of increasing the number of our soldiers, when we are so careless of those we have? Why wonder if recruits are scarce, and, in the main, are only to be had from the refuse of society, when yellow fever under the most favourable circumstances—to the epidemic—is one of their prospects.

SIR MORTON PETO AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.

SIR MORTON PETO has been down to Bristol to have his character cleared from the aspersions of the Investigation Committee of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company, and never did an accused appeal to a tribunal more disposed to acquit him and cry "shame" on his accusers. They were so prepared to believe in his impeccability that they gave him a clean bill of health before he opened his lips to them the moment he entered the room, and afterwards when he rose to make his explanation the whole company rose, waved hats, umbrellas, handkerchiefs, and shouted till they were hoarse. And so it was throughout his speech. He was cheered as lustily as if he had really a spotless story to unfold, in the course of which he demonstrated that he was all right and the Committee of Investigation all wrong.

Yet it is but a lame apology which Sir Morton has made for himself. On his own showing it comes to this, that the financial operations of the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, suggested, advised, and mainly carried out by him, were a sham. It was in 1863, he tells us, that the directors called him in, under the warrant of a resolution of their financial committee to the effect that, as to future financial arrangements, Sir Morton Peto be invited to attend all the meetings of this committee to assist the directors with his advice and counsel. The directors were probably at their wits' end at this period, for on the main line undertaking they owed upwards of a million and a quarter of money on Lloyd's bonds. The claims in reference to this debt would take precedence of all debentures and securities, of whatsoever description, to that extent; and unless these bonds could be paid off, the company would seem to have reached its *ne plus ultra*. That would not do for the directors; nor would it quite do for Sir Morton. He says, indeed, that he was not their contractor for that part of their line in respect of which these bonds had been incurred, but he was in the same boat with them in respect of other parts of their undertaking; and if they stuck fast in one, they would of course stick fast in all, to their discomfiture, and to that of their contractor. It is, therefore, a very poor defence of his subsequent conduct that he was not contractor for the main line. But waive that for the moment. When Sir Morton learnt that the finance committee had resolved to adopt him as its Mentor, he attended their meetings, and obtained from them a complete analysis of their position. It was not a favourable position, as we have

seen; so he gave them the best advice he could under the circumstances. He advised them to create £1,500,000 of ordinary stock and raise £500,000 for debentures, so that with this they might take up a sufficient sum to pay off the Lloyd's bonds. His advice was adopted; the stock was created, and half a million borrowed upon it, but of the £1,500,000 not a single shilling was paid. It is of this transaction that Sir Morton spoke when he said to his constituents on Monday that "he wished to be allowed to say that he was not going to take the responsibility that night of any irregularities which might have been committed by the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company." But why not? He had been invited to attend the meetings of the finance committee and to assist the directors with his advice and counsel. He did attend the meetings, and we see what counsel he gave the directors. Will Sir Morton say that he was not cognizant of the fact that the half-million of money which had been raised by his advice was raised without a shilling having been paid on the £1,500,000 of ordinary stock? He gave no such assurance to the Bristol folk on Monday. He only said that "he was there to state to them that, as their member, he had not done anything in connection with it (the railway company) which ought to call up a blush on his countenance." This assurance is all very well, and it clearly satisfied the meeting, for it was received with "much cheering." But as evidence in Sir Morton's favour it is as intangible as moonshine. Nothing can be more vague and illusory than the testimony of blushes; and we all know that their treacherous power is modified by the influence of time and use.

It was the most natural thing in the world that the Committee of Investigation, seeing that Sir Morton Peto and the directors were so intimately mixed up in the illegal transactions of the company should incline to the belief that the counsellor was as deep in the mud as his clients in the mire. But Sir Morton will not have it so. He was from first to last a thoroughly inoffensive man; obliging, confiding, and not a little ill-used. If an ignorant world out of doors, who do not understand that there are wheels within wheels in the construction of railways as in other matters, think that he is blameable in reference to that odd transaction the exchange of receipts in the creation of debentures—let its ignorance confound it. Why, poor Sir Morton was as innocent in reference to that matter as the babe unborn. If there was anything illegal in it, anything immoral, anything which fell short of the high standard of commercial good faith at which so eminent a contractor should aim, it was not his fault. He was only an incautious instrument in the hands of the company's solicitors. This transaction concerns the eastern section of the company's line. The whole capital was subscribed for, says the Committee of Investigation, by Messrs. Peto & Co. and their nominees, but only nominally. The subscribers did not pay money. The company gave receipts to the contractors (Messrs. Peto) for £429,700 as received on deposits, and in anticipation of calls on shares, and the contractor, in return, gave a receipt for the same sum on account of land and works. Upon these feigned payments the statutory declaration was made before a justice of the peace, and his certificate obtained, whereupon debentures to the full amount authorized were issued. If there was anything wrong in this it was not Sir Morton's fault; it was the fault of the company's solicitors. But surely Sir Morton Peto is not a simpleton. He must have been as well able as any solicitor to say whether such a transaction was an honest compliance with the Act of Parliament or a subterfuge; and if it was the latter, as we cannot doubt, he may rely upon it he will not be held blameless even though the solicitors did advise that mode of cheating the public, which they deny.

Sir Morton, however, has promised that, on the re-assembling of Parliament, if no other member will move for a committee of inquiry into the questions at issue in this matter, he will move for it himself. He ought not to be put to this trouble. There should be plenty of M.P.'s anxious enough for the commercial credit of the country, and for the safety of lenders and shareholders, to make the motion for him. Though we have become tolerably acclimatized to the tricks of trade, the affairs of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company have startled our somewhat hardened nerves. We are told that all sorts of devices for evading the law, and making a show of substance when there is none, are things of such common occurrence in the railway world, that to think ill of Sir Morton for his apparent violation of good faith is sheer prudery. If this is true, the sooner we know our position the better. Meantime we confess we are not satisfied with his explanation to his constituents; nor will the waving of all the umbrellas and pocket-handkerchiefs in Bristol satisfy us that his conduct is either to be approved or excused.

ÆSTHETICS AND LITERARY ART.

IN the literature of the present day the word "æsthetics" is constantly used as implying the highest spirit of criticism of which works of art are the subject; though we believe no very satisfactory idea prevails as to its exact meaning; nor have the treatises of Hegel, Solger, Jean Paul, and other writers of Germany, where the term originated, realized any very satisfactory explanation—such works, though abounding with new and subtle views, being, at best, but tentative essays towards a superior collection of critical canons. Æsthetics have been termed "the doctrine of the emotions," "the philosophy of art;" the first of which is altogether vague, while the latter will only be appreciable when its laws and principles are defined and systematized. As æsthetics refer to art solely, and as it is their leading idea and special object to judge of such works by feeling rather than pure intellect, we may define them to comprise that system of criticism founded on principles of ideal taste—feeling and judgment—by which imaginative creatures of an elevated and beautiful order, whose effect depends on the emotions they produce, are to be estimated. Modern criticism undoubtedly exhibits a great advance as regards the method of judging works of art. Of intellectual, as compared with sensitive criticism we have had abundant examples from Aristotle to Dr. Johnson, all which class of writers judge exclusively by rules and principles suggested by ancient literature; while the æsthetical critics treat compositions in a more comprehensive spirit and in more varied aspects—in relation to the age in which they were produced, their moral and ideal harmony, their reference to the mind of the writer and to the nature of the imaginative faculty. The difference between the two methods is exemplified by contrasting Bossuet's or Reynolds' discourses with Ruskin's "Modern Painters"; the first of whom forms an estimate from preconceived or derived principles, while the latter regards the masterpieces of art with the ampler vision of the ideal faculty and of a sensitive imagination. If, too, as frequently occurs, he conceives a beauty when it does not exist in the object, such creative views are highly valuable, as they elevate the treatment of subjects, and, by enlarging the capabilities of art, tend to its advance, by awakening and stimulating the mind towards the representation of more real and ideal beauty.

The natural origin of criticism from creations has led many to under-estimate the effect of a superior system on the creative literature and art of the present and future age. It has been asked, would the conceptions of Shakespeare have been improved by the æsthetic culture of a Hegel, seeing that in his finest creative moods he has arrived at principles of working—albeit unconscious to himself—which include many of the results arrived at by the æsthetic spirit? Doubtless, the highest poetry has resulted from the fortuitous conjunction of great genius and circumstances appropriate to its development, and has hitherto been the production of a creative, as distinguished from a critical epoch; but it is no less obvious that the more comprehensive the principles of art—the genius of a period being supposed equal—the more excellent would its achievements become. Of this the mind of Tennyson is an example. While his sense of ideal beauty is at least equal to that displayed by the greatest of his forerunners, each of his higher essays is a perfection of art, exhibiting form, colour, tone, and harmony, in more perfect balance than can perhaps be found in any similar number of poetic compositions emanating from an individual intellect. Even as regards the drama, though it is unlikely that another poet equal to Shakespeare will arise—he having exhausted the domain of the passions—who shall produce as many excellent works, it is not impossible that the future, illuminated by an ampler philosophical criticism, may produce single works more perfect than any of his. If, then, the productions of a self-conscious age manifest a peculiar and advanced degree of perfectness, it is impossible to over-estimate the importance of a superior system of criticism on the reflective and creative compositions of succeeding ages, as the more perfect a literature is made, the greater is the probability of the language in which it is written becoming a world-language in perfection, if the country to which it is native is favourably conditioned for its extension—especially in an epoch whose material progress, by facilitating community of interests and ideas, tends to establish its imperial solidarity among the enlightened nations of the earth. A great writer, whose genius embodies the "soul of the age," must ever hold the same relation to the cultivated worlds of Europe and America as Rome is said to have once borne to the religious—a centre of inspiration, of civilization and unity.

Art, by elevating and inspiring the soul with images, ideas, and features of beauty, power, perfection, is one of the highest instru-

ments of civilization—a mediate revelation which operates harmoniously with religion, with culture, and vivifying influence. By illustrating the beauty, beneficence, and divinity of the aspects, economy, and purpose of the universe, it animates the mind so directed to its contemplation with love, and thus renders life more divine, by associating its surroundings and possibilities with a higher ideal of its invisible Creator and Director. While, however, on the one hand science enlarges our views of nature by demonstrating the laws which underlie phenomena, a poetry of the highest order, embodying the spirit of an age so characterized, has yet to be created—a poetry which, based on the universal truths of science, shall represent them in the inspired forms and colours of the imagination, expressing such results which in themselves are more sublime than the loftiest conceptions of the phantasy hitherto, in the representative glories of art, and with that inner enthusiasm and spirit, less defined and more vague, belonging to the ideal faculty, which, feeling more than it comprehends, is thus characteristic of the progressive state of humanity. Science discovers the laws of the universe, the material thoughts of God; while art, which is nature spiritualized, by regarding nature in the light of such vast truths, and combining and evolving them in harmonious forms, will thus ascend to a domain superior to any yet reached by imagination, extemporizing by its unaided power, or working on its previous materials and the narrower views of less advanced periods. Before, however, a scientific poetry is possible, its facts must have become, so to speak, as incarnate in mankind as the religious ideas of the present time; and as each art harvest, sculptured, painted, or written, has concluded the prevailing ideas of the producing epoch, we may conceive the effect of poetry of science, based on eternal truths, springing from the spirit of knowledge—its inner life—and clothed with that of beauty. Considering the ameliorating directive influence of æsthetic ideas on art, it were much to be wished that the best of those scattered among the works of the Germans, and referring to the various arts, were eclectized, and embodied in a popular treatise. The more extensive the publication of such knowledge, the brighter and more exalted will the efforts of imagination become. The laws of nature are progressive; its forms rise each above the other in an ascending scale of beauty and power; and genius, when thus inspired by a superior culture, will constitute in its progress the expression of the ever-brightening soul of the universe.

L'ANCIEN PASSAGE.

It is a not unusual remark that, however great may be the physical exertion requisite for an ascent of Mont Blanc, the actual danger of the mountain is but small, as compared with many mountains of far less magnitude. There is a good deal of truth in this assertion, and yet the accidents on Mont Blanc have been terrible, and not infrequent, and their number is increasing at a sadly rapid rate. The fact is, that this is the last mountain in the world with which liberties may be taken with impunity. It is true enough that, by adopting all precautions, and being guided by the question how to go safely rather than how to go quickly, the ascent may be assured, granting fine weather, and putting out of the question such accidents as may happen anywhere. It is a monotonous expedition, when compared with the ascent of other mountains that might be named, and there is none of the excitement—such as it is—which attends the constant proximity of vast rocky precipices; but, nevertheless, the greatest care is required throughout, and there are dangers in profuse abundance for those whose carelessness exposes them to evil chances which more prudent men avoid. Of all parts of the mountain, none has so bad a name as the Ancien Passage, *qui multas heroum animas ad Tartara misit*, and it is not without due reason that it has acquired this evil reputation.

It is rather more than a hundred years since the first recorded attempt to scale Mont Blanc was made. In the year 1762 Pierre Simon, of Chamouny, endeavoured to make the ascent, both by the Glacier des Bossons and from the (then) French side, but he failed in each attempt. From that time local efforts were made now and then at intervals, without success, and De Saussure was told by those who had tried it that the ascent was an impossibility, as no one could eat at so great an altitude. One of the guides assured him that if he ever tried it again he would take nothing but a parasol and a bottle of scent. The well-known M. Bourrit, who wrote so largely on the ice-fields of Switzerland and Savoy, at a time when very little was known of them, made more than one attempt, with great intrepidity and almost with success, but something each time dashed the cup from his lips. At length,

in 1786, a party of Chamouny guides made one more attempt, and among them was Jacques Balmat, who had forced himself upon them against their wish. The party returned under stress of weather; but Balmat, who was not on good terms with them, and had gone off to search for crystals, was lost, and spent the night in a cave among the snow. Next day he wandered about by himself, discovered what he thought would prove to be a route to the summit, and came back to Chamouny with his secret safely stored in his mind. Dr. Paccard, however, of Chamouny, suspected that Balmat had acquired some fresh knowledge during his lonely sojourn on the mountain, and in the month of August of the same year he persuaded him to communicate this knowledge, and they made one more attempt in concert. They started on the 7th, reached the summit on the evening of the 8th, at half-past six, and arrived again at Chamouny on the 9th, after three days' toil in accomplishing what has been now done in sixteen hours. For forty years, the route by which Balmat gained the summit continued to be, in the main, the one followed by adventurous climbers, and the only serious accident on record took place on a part of the mountain now considered free from danger, where one guide had his leg broken, and another sustained a fracture of the skull. In 1820, the event occurred which gave to the Ancien Passage its evil name, and caused a fresh route to be sought and eventually discovered. The Grand Plateau (12,900 feet above the level of the sea) is a valley or lake of ice, about a league in length, inclosed by the Mont Blanc, the Dôme de Gouter, and the Aiguille sans Nom, from each of which avalanches constantly pour down and add new *débris* to the mass of the Grand Plateau. The Passage de Balmat led up the whole length of the Grand Plateau, and from the head of the ice-field it turned to the left, passing steeply up to the Rochers Rouges, following for some distance one of the great avalanche-tracks. By this passage a Russian gentleman, Dr. Hamel, with Mr. Durnford and two other gentlemen and twelve guides, sought to ascend from the plateau in the year above mentioned, and while they were mounting the steep slopes of ice and snow, an avalanche came upon them and overwhelmed five of the guides, two only of whom were extricated. The remains of the three guides who perished were not to be found, being buried deep in a huge crevasse; they worked their way down with the ceaseless flow of the ice towards the lower part of the mountain, and emerged in an almost perfect state of preservation at the foot of the Glacier des Bossons during the years 1862–4, upwards of forty years after the accident, and those who saw now a thigh and now a leg brought in to Chamouny will probably never forget it. In 1827 Messrs. Fellowes and Hawes discovered a new route, and from that time the dangerous old route from the Plateau to the Rochers Rouges has been known as the Ancien Passage, and has been religiously avoided for the most part by all who have known of its dangers. There are, however, times when there is said to be no fear of an avalanche occurring,—at a very early hour in the morning, for instance, when all is hard bound with frost; and so the Ancien Passage has on occasion been attempted. It is an error, nevertheless, to suppose that at any hour of the day or night it is safe to be for more than a few moments upon a favourite avalanche-track. Within a fortnight of the discovery of the new route, which turns to the left off the Grand Plateau much sooner than the Ancien Passage did, and leads by the so-called Corridor to the Mur de la Côte, Mr. Auldjo made the ascent, of which an elaborate history has been published. He followed the new route, and while he was engaged in scaling the almost precipitous snows which form the alternative when the Ancien Passage is rejected, a vast avalanche swept down that ill-fated track, and would infallibly have destroyed the party had they taken evil advice, and gone in the old ways. What further experiences of this kind the years that have since elapsed may have afforded it is impossible to say; but in 1863 a similar event occurred, which it is worth while to mention, because curiously, and perhaps significantly, enough, the very Silvain Couttet, who survives the last terrible accident, played a chief part in it. He was accompanying two English gentlemen and a German guide up the mountain, and on reaching the Grand Plateau he argued stoutly for the Ancien Passage. Another party was known to be behind, and he feared that they, at least, would take this short cut, and reach the summit first. He declared that as the morning was so still and fine, he would guarantee that no avalanche should sweep the Ancien Passage that day. Prudence, however, prevailed, and within half an hour of the wise decision a vast avalanche of ice-blocks was seen to come thundering down the slide of evil fame, which must, in all human probability, have swept away and buried fathoms deep the whole of the small party that tremblingly watched its

progress from a convenient distance. Even from the very first discovery of this route by Balmat, its evil character was fully known. When De Saussure made the ascent, in the year 1787, his guide, Balmat, previously went to the summit for a second time, to pioneer; and between this ascent and that of De Saussure, enormous avalanches were found to have fallen. Indeed, De Saussure's party dared not sleep at the head of the Plateau, in consequence of the tremendous nature of the avalanches that poured down on to it; and even at the respectful distance at which they pitched their tent, an avalanche all but reached them.

A letter in the *Times* of Tuesday last stated that of the four fatal accidents on Mont Blanc, three have been in connection with the Ancien Passage—namely, the loss of Dr. Hamel's three guides in 1820, of Mr. Young in the present summer, and now the terrible death of Captain Arkwright and his companions. But Mr. Young's death was not caused by the peculiar dangers of the Ancien Passage any more than was that of young Couttet—which the writer referred to probably meant by the fourth accident he spoke of—who fell, through extreme carelessness, into a crevasse on the Plateau three years ago. The Passage de Balmat may fairly take its stand on the two great accidents of 1820 and 1866, and on its merits, as thus decided, it ought to be definitely and for ever rejected. Insurance companies would really have a good case if they refused for the future to recognise death on the Ancien Passage as anything short of suicide. And, without intending to cast any imputation upon the character of Silvain Couttet, who is a very excellent and willing guide for Mont Blanc, and deserves, besides, all encouragement in the efforts he has made to provide decent accommodation on the route, we cannot help suggesting that it should be made out who of Captain Arkwright's party proposed the Ancien Passage. Couttet not only proposed it but stoutly urged it on the occasion we have referred to, when nothing but the death of four men could apparently have been the result. It is to be hoped that it was not he who proposed it on the present occasion, and at any rate that he will never propose it again.

UNPROTECTED MONUMENTS.

AMONG the numerous topics of minor interest which the papers have lately selected for discussion in a dearth of more important "copy," there is at least one which is deserving of public attention. The merits and demerits of the new Latin Primer were recapitulated until people began to grow weary over the squabbles and jealousies of certain pedagogues regarding the worth of a school-book, which is probably neither worse nor better than those which have preceded it. The propriety of providing smoking-carriages on every railway line is so exceedingly obvious, that one can only wonder why correspondents were allowed to reopen the now venerable, but monstrous question, whether a man is to be denied, while travelling, the comfort of a cigar, which he can always enjoy at the most exclusive and decorous of clubs. The subject was, in truth, staler than that perfume of departed weeds which lingers in the cushions of a first-class carriage, and certainly did not require half as much ventilation as those vehicles themselves. But we are thankful for some letters which have recently pointed out the defenceless condition of our public monuments, and the damages which too frequently result to them from the wanton mischief of street blackguardism. Some days ago, a gentleman who wrote from Parliament-street, under the initials of "J. D.," complained that the new statue erected in memory of Sir John Franklin had already—even before it was uncovered—been subjected to rude violence. There is a small and delicate bas-relief, executed in bronze, on its base, which is about seven feet high, and quite unprotected. This bronze, "J. D." twice saw mauled and pulled about by a group of roughs, who seemed anxious to test its strength and hardness. One fellow, it appears, caught hold of the head of one of the figures, and, "putting his foot lower down on a ledge at the base, drew himself up about eighteen inches. There was no guard or railing of any description to protect it. There was no policeman in view." [Of course not. There never is when one is wanted.] This statement has naturally given rise to the question, How such monuments are to be protected. We believe the removal of iron railings from the principal statues which decorate or degrade our metropolis was carried out at the instigation of Mr. W. Cowper, late Chief Commissioner of Works. There was a good deal to justify the step, but it was a bold one. We fear that the organ of destructiveness has become almost an hereditary characteristic of the London mob, where public works of art are concerned. It is true that the

crowds of mechanics and artisans who visit the British Museum, the Kensington Museum, and the National Gallery, behave there with the utmost propriety and respect for the treasures which those institutions contain. But then, it must be remembered that the latter are subjected to a stricter system of surveillance than has ever been devised, or probably ever could be devised, for public monuments. Only the other day, we heard of a house-painter who could not resist the temptation of "prodding" with a pocket-knife the pictures hung in a room which he was employed to decorate. If this is not the result of absolute mania, it is the result of a coarse and brutal instinct which is occasionally found to exist in people who are outwardly well conducted and respectable. It is not, however, from the attacks of such an exceptional class as this that our monuments need to be protected. There is in London, as in most large towns, a rough, brutal set of fellows, half men, half boys, whose fingers would really seem to itch for the injury and destruction of every inanimate object which is exposed to their attack. These are the scoundrels who furtively chip and break away the delicate carving of every church porch which happens to have access from the street—who scrawl ugly chalk lines and write filthy words on every new wall of brick or stone which forms the basement of a public building—who select the most recently-painted private house to deface with their hideous devices—who pull up shrubs and throw bludgeons at the trees in the park—who rob many a modest suburban garden of its flowers to scatter them by the roadside. On pests of this kind we would have no mercy. It may be difficult to catch them at their sneaking work, but whenever caught they should be rewarded with a punishment worthy of their deserts. A sound whipping, without the option of a fine, would perhaps be the best deterrent from future misdemeanour, and there really need be no squeamishness on the score of dignity towards those who have so utterly forfeited such a consideration. It is a well-known fact that neither a respect for the beautiful in art, nor a respect for the memory of the dead, will in this country prevent these wretched despoilers from gratifying their baneful inclinations. When Westminster Abbey was a thoroughfare from east to west, its monuments suffered terribly from the wanton mischief of those who passed through the sacred edifice. Marble statues were mutilated, architectural features were defaced, the very mosaic work was picked out of the tombs and pavements which it decorated. This state of things is not likely to recur as far as the Abbey is concerned, and, indeed, the Dean and Chapter, by shutting out the public from more than half the building, seem rather inclined to err in an opposite direction. But many of our churches and cemeteries are still suffering from the work of iconoclasts, who are actuated by no higher zeal than that which inspires a thief. In a letter to the *Times*, last week, Mr. Garstin, of Barnes Common, complains that where bronzes or metals of any value are introduced to decorate the monuments of a burying-ground, they "invariably disappear after a short time," to the pain and indignation of the families to whom they belong. What a contrast does this state of things present to the careful veneration in which such objects are held on the Continent! Take the instance of the celebrated *Gottesacker* at Nuremberg, where, in an open churchyard, scarcely separated from the high road by a wall, there are bronzes of very great value, which have remained unmolested on the grave-stones during centuries of time. In Florence, Siena, and many other Italian towns, ornamental iron-work of a rich and delicate description is within an easy reach of all who pace their streets by day or night. Yet nothing is touched. One generation of visitors succeeds another, who come to admire the lovely capitals of St. Mark's at Venice, or smile at the "Ogre-fountain" of Berne, but such specimens of the sculptor's art, although they may be quite unprotected from mischievous injury, are never injured. It seems to be reserved for the few national works of monumental art which we possess in this country to be pillaged and defaced by English hands and English chisels. There is something rather melancholy in this conviction, but, if the facts are before us, it is no use to ignore a national failing, which probably arises from the want of popular education rather than from any inherent brutality among the lower classes in this country. Until that cause is removed, the best thing we can do is to prevent and obviate its effects, and this cannot be managed without care and supervision on the part of official authorities. If the protection of railings, for instance, is found to be absolutely necessary for public monuments in London, by all means let railings be used. But they need not be the mean and graceless things which inclose our domestic areas. The ironwork surrounding the tomb of the Scaligers, at Verona, is in itself an example of deco-

rative art, and many more examples of the class might be quoted. Even the *chevaux-de-frise* which bristles round the portly figure of Queen Anne in front of our own St. Paul's, is a lively and interesting object compared with monumental palisades, as designed in the 19th century. But even railings will not always avail to prevent deliberate mischief, nor can they, indeed, be adapted to every monument in all situations. It would be found highly inconvenient, for example, to inclose by such means so large an area as that occupied by the substructure of the Nelson column. Yet, on the occasion of any public procession or meeting in Trafalgar-square, the high-reliefs which decorate its pedestal swarm with street urchins, who climb into the bronze-work as coolly as if it had been expressly manufactured for that purpose. And should the day ever arrive when Sir Edwin Landseer's long-promised lions stretch their limbs, weary with much waiting, on the granite pedestals designed for their reception, we shall no doubt be edified by the daily sight of a few dozen *gamins* bestriding the backs and necks of those helpless monsters, while the police look on and smile benevolently. Only last week the mysterious foreigners who haunt the purlieus of Leicester-square must have been astonished at the scene which met their view as they peeped out of their bedroom windows in early morning. The equestrian statue of a king of England, which has only three legs between man and beast, no arms but those of an heraldic nature, and in which the sides of the horse have been "stove in" like a worn-out boiler, is a spectacle not exactly calculated to impress "Mossoo" with an idea of our national greatness. But imagine his feelings when he sees this relic of departed greatness, this effigy of a monarch, and ancestor of her Majesty, treated with indignities which would be considered too gross for Guy Faux. The whole affair might be ludicrous if it were not also mean and disgraceful. A paternal Government is not exactly the sort of rule under which we should wish to see Englishmen live; but no paternal Government in Christendom would long have tolerated the state of things which has found its crowning scandal in Leicester-square.

THE FESTIVAL OF SNOBS.

THURSDAY last, October 25, is a day marked in our calendar with the name of Crispin. Its anniversary, four and a half centuries ago was celebrated by 30,000 Englishmen in the famous victory of Agincourt that was fought "upon St. Crispin's day," which will ever be remembered in connection with "Crispin Crispian," if it were only for that stirring speech that Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Henry V. The festival of Crispin is also observed by that numerous class of our community—estimated at the last census at 280,000—who have taken him for their tutelary saint. Not only in the Northamptonshire seats of the boot and shoe manufacture, but at Sheffield, Stirling, and throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland, Crispin Clubs and Crispin Societies flourish and abound, whose members keep their annual festival, occasionally with out-door processions, but always with that feasting and drinking to which the degeneracy of the times has sunk the holy-day into the holiday. An old adage, of Scotch parentage, says, "On twenty-fifth October, ne'er a souter's sober." The word "souter" takes us to Tam O'Shanter's bosom friend, Souter Johnny, who was really John Lauchlin, a shoemaker at Ayr; it is Scotch for cobbler, and is equivalent to the Latin *sutor*, and, in fact, is similarly spelt by Sir Walter Scott, when, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," he speaks of Watt Tinlinn, sutor and archer. Another Scotch word for shoemaker is "cordiner," which they borrowed in the olden days of "Quentin Durward," from the French *cordinnier*, afterwards *cordonnier*; and, in Paris, there were two shoemakers' societies, called the *Frères Cordonniers*, who respectively enrolled themselves under the protection of Crispin and his brother Crispinian. Our own English word cordwainer is merely the vulgar pronunciation of *corduainier*, from Cordua, or Cordova, in Spain, from whence was imported the leather that was most prized for shoes, and which is referred to in the Hudibrastic couplet that chronicles some remarkable connoisseurs in suffering:—"Some have been kicked, till they know whether a shoe's of Spanish or neat's leather." Not but what shoes have been made of many other materials, from the prunello of Pope to the golden slippers of Wolsey and Julius Cæsar; and wood, iron, silver, cloth, flax, silk, paper, and rushes have all been pressed into their manufacture. Five years before the victory of Agincourt, in 1410, the English followers of Crispin had been incorporated by letters patent of Henry IV., under the title of "The Cordwainers and Cobblers' Company," and they have a fine Hall in Great Distaff-lane, St. Paul's, London;

although they have long since dropped from their designation the word Cobbler, and only retain the more ancient term, as it is set forth in "The Art and Mystery of a Cordwainer," by Frederick Rees, published in 1813. The word Cobbler has passed into contempt; yet it is capped in opprobrium by that other word Snob, the vulgar epithet of a shoemaker; and as so many thousands of them have just been celebrating the Festival of Snobs, we may not be considered out of place by devoting a brief consideration to the subject.

We naturally ask, at the very outset, the reason why—why is a Shoemaker called a Snob? but it is sometimes easier to raise a ghost than to lay one; to ask a question than to return a satisfactory reply. There are various epithets for shoemakers: they who vamp up old shoes and pass them for new ones are pleasantly termed "translators;" and there are welters, repairers, clobberers, clickers, blockers, runners, closers, and cleaners, whose vocations are explained by their titles with tolerable clearness. We can even comprehend what is meant by "women's men" and "man's men," and those who "understand their trade," like Lord Foppington's bootmaker in Vanbrugh's play. But "Snobs!" why are St. Crispin's sons branded with this nic-name? Invention has already been expended on the meaning of the word Snob. When a nobleman's son is entered at a university, he is put down on the college books, in abbreviated Latin, as "fil. nob.;" and, similarly, his companion without a handle to his name, might be written down as "s. nob"—the *s* standing for *sine*; and hence the Snob was simply the man who was not a Nob. This is certainly a more ingenious derivation than that which takes us to *sine obolo*, and makes the poor Snob to be a man "not worth a rap;" but, clearly, all this has nothing to do with Crispin's craft, but pertains to the class that Thackeray so vigorously handled in his famous history of the race. The word Snob is evidently not restricted in meaning to a non-university man, although so defined by the *Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*, by Bristed's "Five Years in an English University," and by Hall's "College Words;" nor even to "a mean, vulgar person," as by Halliwell and Webster; nor even to a stranger hunting in the "swell countries," as in Nimrod's "Chace," and Alken's picture, where "Snob takes the lead" of the hunting-field. And, although the latest edition of Hotten's "Slang Dictionary" gives us a *résumé* of some of these meanings, and says that the word is "the nickname usually applied to Crispin, a maker of shoes," it does not attempt to enlighten our ignorance as to the why and the wherefore of the epithet. Our useful contemporary, *Notes and Queries*, would seem to be the most likely source in which to make an inquiry of this nature, and to receive its solution if there were any to be given; but although the question was asked in one of its earliest numbers, and although sixteen years have since passed, no one of its many correspondents is a sufficient *Œdipus* to solve the enigma—Why is a Shoemaker called a Snob? At the time referred to, Dr. Gatty considered the word not to be an archaism, and thought that it could not be found in any book printed before the present century; and that, though Shoemakers were called Snobs in the North of England, the word was not to be found in Brockett's "Glossary of North Country Words."

It so happens that we can bring forward an example that the sons of Crispin retained their peculiar nickname up to the month of the celebration of the recent Festival of Snobs; for, at the Birmingham Quarter Sessions, last Monday fortnight (Oct. 8), an old offender who was found guilty of housebreaking, and sentenced to eight years' penal servitude, made an imaginative defence, in which he sought to lay the blame on some shoemakers with whom he had been drinking; and, throughout the whole of his rambling speech, he referred to these men as "snobs," and to the implements of their trade as "snobs' tools;" and he briefly described their habits by remarking that they are "men for fuddling when they go on the spree." Here, then, we have a clear proof that, up to the present year, the 25th of October is still observed as a Festival of Snobs. Probably the word is not older than the Tom-and-Jerry days of the Prince Regent, when Snip was the name for a tailor, from his snipping the cloth; and its two first letters would fall trippingly from the tongue for an alliterative title for his brother craftsman, the shoemaker; while the other two letters, *ob*, might possibly be taken from the humble cobbler or the great Hoby. This, however, is merely a random conjecture; but we are compelled to limit the use of the word to the present century, as we are unable to discover it in the pre-Hoby period. There is no trace of it in that rare and valuable little volume, "The History of the Gentle Craft," nor in similar treatises, including even the *Hypodemia*, or the History of the Passion of Shoebuying; the *Scytotomical Decameron*, or Ten joyous Days in a Shoe-

warehouse; the *Sutrina Hobeana*, *Soleary System*, *Ars Calcearia*, and those other wonderful works mentioned in a certain prospectus of a book, entitled "The Street Companion; or the Young Man's Guide and the Old Man's Comfort, in the Choice of Shoes," supposed to be written "by the Rev. Tom. Foggy Dribble," and to which a most erudite article was devoted in the *London Magazine* of 1825. Of course it was nothing more than a witty burlesque, by Charles Lamb, on the antiquarian and bibliomane tastes of the Rev. Thomas Frognall Dibdin, and was a companion article to those apocryphal memoirs of Liston and Munden, the former of which was quoted as veritable information by the writer of the article "Modern Eccentrics," in *Temple Bar* for last July. And equally as ineffectual as were those projected classics of Charles Lamb's brain in yielding a counterpart to the epithet "Snob," must have been the Baron of Bradwardine's Glossarium, with its learned distinctions between the *caligæ* and *socci*. But this Baron was a true gentleman, and although not a member of the gentle craft, was permitted to add to his paternal coat-of-arms the "budget or boot-jack, disposed salter-wise," in consideration of his knightly service to his royal master in undoing the latchet of his brogue. Although the boot-jack is not mentioned as a heraldic quartering by Randall Holmes in his "Academie of Armorie," yet that venerable master in coat-armour speaks of sandals, buckles, ties, latchets, and wedges borne in heraldry. And Granger tells us of one Thomas Knight, of Oxford, who was greatly skilled in heraldry, and who might have been a king-at-arms, but who "sunk, in a few years, from a shoemaker to a cobbler." Here the cobbler is evidently ranked as a person much below the shoemaker; but in Flanders the Company of Cobblers not only take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers, but bear for their arms a boot with an imperial crown upon it. They ascribe this honour to the Emperor Charles V., who was fond of wandering incognito, and on a certain night strolled into a cobbler's stall to get his boot mended. He found the cobbler making merry with his friends; and, when he preferred his request, was told that they were keeping the festival of Crispin, and that no work could be done on that day for any man, even though he were Charles himself; but that he was welcome to come and join them in drinking to St. Crispin, for they were as merry as the Emperor himself could be. As this invitation jumped with the Emperor's humour, he accepted it, and joined them in their drinking. "Here's Charles V.'s health!" said the cobbler. "Do you love him?" asked the Emperor. "Love him?" said the cobbler, "ay, I love his long-noship well enough; but I should love him more if he would tax us less." They finished St. Crispin's-day very pleasantly; and on the morrow the Emperor sent for the cobbler to the palace, and mightily surprised him by thanking him for his hospitality on the previous evening, asking him to name what reward he would like best. The amazed cobbler took the night to think of it, and on the next day appeared before the Emperor, and requested that the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their coat-of-arms a boot with a crown upon it. It was such a moderate request that the Emperor told him he would not only grant that but another also; whereupon the son of Crispin asked that the Cobblers might take precedence of the Shoemakers; a request which was also granted to him. Cobblers are generally of a contemplative disposition. The bulk is a brown study in which, from the condition of the boot, they can diagnose the other characteristics of Hercules. Bluchers and Hessians indicate certain proclivities, high-lows are representative, and brogues are suggestive. Then shoemakers have never been described in contemptuous and fractional terms as tailors have been. A Cobbler has been told to stick to his last, but his last is never held up in the severe way in which a goose is always dressed at the expense of poor snip. In fact, we have a proverb recognising the superiority of the material with which the shoemaker works over everything else. It is not easy to settle the nice distinction that appears to exist between a cobbler and a shoemaker. The Cobbler was evidently a man whose sphere of ambition was limited; and was as happy as that cobbler who lived in a stall that served him for kitchen and parlour and hall, to whom Henry VIII. paid a visit in disguise. But as Lackington, the shoemaker, poet, and bookseller, said:—"Cobblers, from Crispin boast their public spirit, and all are upright, downright men of spirit;" or, as Pope wrote of "the aproned cobbler and the parson gown'd," when, "cobbler-like," the parson got drunk—"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow, the rest is all but leather or prunello." And if there is any moral that can be drawn from these anecdotes, it would seem to be this:—Don't expect to have your boots mended on the 25th of October, for St. Crispin's-day is the Festival of Snobs.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WHILE Mgr. Dupanloup is deploring, in a circular to his clergy, the anarchical and impious tendencies of the times, as principally evinced in the determination of Italy to complete her unity by the addition of Rome to the new kingdom,—while the Romans are calmly awaiting the day of their deliverance, and the Papal Court is contemplating with alarm the events of December,—M. de Sartiges (according to the *Paris Monde*, a Catholic organ) has been suggesting to the Pope that he might possibly retard the departure of the French troops by decreeing the political reforms which the Emperor Napoleon has always desired to see, or by representing to his Majesty that, as there is to be a grand convocation of Bishops at Rome in 1867, a prolongation of the French protectorate would be desirable. M. de Sartiges being the Imperial Ambassador to the Court of Rome, it is to be presumed that he spoke with authority; but the Pope, we are told, refused to act on either suggestion, and affairs will therefore take their course. The same paper states that, in case of disturbances after the departure of the French (which, it appears, are anticipated as certain), the Pope will make one attempt to repress them by force, and, should that fail, will try no more, as he will not maintain his authority by violence. In that case he must quit the Eternal City, and we know very well what will then ensue. Let events follow their natural channel, and Victor Emmanuel may be in possession of Rome before the year is out. Of course there is the possibility of external interference; but of that, at present, we see no prospect, as we cannot look upon the prospected Spanish intervention as serious. Mgr. Dupanloup—who sees in the late war, the cholera, the flood, the earthquake in Guadaloupe, and the locusts in Algeria, signs of Divine displeasure at the spread of revolutionary doctrines—prophesies that "what is preparing in Europe will be frightful." We shall see.

SOMETHING malign seems to be affecting great personages. The Emperor Napoleon may not be as bad as some alarmists report, but he is certainly not well. Victor Emmanuel has had a paralytic stroke in his right arm. The Empress of Mexico is mentally affected; and Count Bismarck it said to be again suffering from the same malady which prevented his joining heartily in the entrance of the Prussian troops into Berlin. He is not careful in his mode of living, and the toil and excitement through which he has recently passed have been too much for him. A temporary retirement from the cares of State is absolutely necessary to the re-establishment of his health. The sanitary state of Europe generally at the present time is not at all favourable. The cholera is still raging in various continental cities; we have hardly yet got rid of it in London, notwithstanding the cool weather; and the presence of continual damp in the atmosphere is seriously depressing the vital forces.

A GREEK journal published at Athens complains that some of the London newspapers have "indulged in insulting remarks against the kingdom of Greece," inasmuch as they have declared that the country inspires Europe with no confidence, and has made no progress during the forty years since the establishment of its independence. It is admitted by the Hellenic journalist that these strictures may justly apply to the Government, which he says was factious under the provisional state of things during the revolution, and has got steadily worse and worse under Otho and the present King. But he adds that the Greek nation itself has made great—nay, gigantic—progress in the period of its freedom; that education has been developed in an extraordinary degree, so that there are now more people who know how to read and write in Greece than in Great Britain, in proportion to the population; that commerce has been pursued with as much success as could fairly be expected of so small and cooped-up a State; that agriculture has advanced, and that Athens and other cities have sprung up from ruins into renewed beauty. We have no means at hand of testing the accuracy of these statements; but, granting them to be correct, the ugly fact still remains, on the patriotic journalist's own showing, that the Government is one of the worst in existence. Now a Government is not a bad measure of the people with whom it is associated. No very corrupt Government can continue long in a nation which is both capable and willing to create a better; and when we find that Greece has had three distinct Governments in the short space of forty years, and that they have gone on from bad to

worse, we cannot help suspecting a radical defect in the people themselves. Modern Greeks may be able to read, write, and cypher with facility—they may fill all the Exchanges of Europe with their merchants—they may cultivate their lands and rebuild their cities; and yet (creditable as these things are to them), if they cannot create a decent Government, but are eternally the prey of anarchy and knavery, they must not quarrel with other lands for regarding them with some distrust. We wish well to Greece. We desire to see her power consolidated and her limits extended; but, above all things, we want to find her in possession of a Government which will do credit to herself, and furnish a reasonable guarantee to Europe.

BARON BEUST, it was thought for a time, would be Minister of Foreign Affairs in Austria. The Baron was formerly Foreign Minister of the King of Saxony; and, that country and Austria being now brothers in misfortune, it was perhaps imagined that they might make common cause with one another in the person of Beust. But it is now said that this will not be the case, for various reasons, of which the chief are that the Baron is a "foreigner" and a Protestant. The ex-Saxon Minister, however, was really requested by the Emperor to draw up a report on the political position of the empire; and in this document he has strongly recommended that Austria should rest for awhile, keep out of German complications, and seek a speedy and cordial reconciliation with Hungary. This is very good advice; we would only add that what the Baron suggests as a temporary policy should be pursued as an abiding one. Austria has forfeited her position as a German Power by anti-German leanings. Her footing in Germany was never very strong, because both her territory and her population were for the most part alien to the Teutonic sphere; but this natural disadvantage she has increased by vain endeavours to oppose the manifest tendency of the German people towards national unity. Her future now lies in another direction, and it will be ill for her if she has not the sense to see it. By making herself a strong, and yet constitutional, centre to the numerous nationalities which lie scattered about the south-east of Europe, and many of which are not sufficiently defined or developed for separate existence, she may erect a new and mightier Power out of the ruins of the old. As was recently remarked, the true capital of Austria is at Pesth rather than at Vienna. The Austrian statesman who shall cease to look towards Germany, but shall develop the independence of Hungary, Bohemia, and the other non-German provinces, may not improbably succeed in the creation of a great Federal Empire which Europe need not be ashamed to own.

THIS is the height of the season for Continental *canards*. On the doubtful authority of the *Nord*, we are asked to believe that Jutland is coquetting with Prussia to be incorporated into that monarchy. After the peninsula is gone, there will not be much of Denmark left, and that little, Sweden (according to the same journal) is coveting. Another imaginative writer says:—"If a new conflict arises out of the *Eastern question*," Russia is bent upon "reducing Sweden and Norway to weakness." In the farce, when the butler is scolded by the master, he turns round and kicks the page. So, if Turkey and Greece come to blows about Candia, Scandinavia is to be the victim. At present, Russia is too busy at home to dream of hostility towards her neighbours; besides, on this very point there is a treaty of mutual aid between France, England, and the Scandinavian kingdom.

THE Poet Laureate has joined the defenders of ex-Governor Eyre, and has sent a subscription to the fund for his defence, which has now reached the aggregate of £4,000. This is the fourth great literary name which has taken Mr. Eyre under its protection—Carlyle, Ruskin, Kingsley, and Tennyson. The author of "Tom Brown's School Days," though he takes the other side, will not have the first three called "renegades," though, *primâ facie*, Mr. Kingsley is open to the reproach of that term. Carlyle, he says in a letter to the *New York Tribune*, has been a power-worshipper and a despiser of freedom any time these twenty-five years; and Ruskin has been the captive of Carlyle's bow and spear for the last ten years, and is now fond of saying, "I am a king's man, not a mob's man," including, says Mr. Hughes, tyrant in his term king, and people in his term mob. As for Mr. Kingsley, Mr. Hughes remembers him, nearly twenty years ago, declaring himself a Chartist at one of a series of meetings of the leaders of our London working men, and giving his reasons. "Afterwards he was one of the

chief leaders among the Christian Socialists, and wrote constantly in their paper, and a series of tracts under the *nom de plume* of 'Parson Lot.' But those who knew him best always said that his sympathies were at the bottom strongly aristocratic." The inference from all this is, that men of aristocratic leanings have a greater leaning to bloodshed and massacre than men whose sympathies lean to the people. Yet we have not heard that Mr. Eyre himself, who is the great criminal in this matter, had either aristocratic leanings or belongings. He was essentially one of the people, and his miserable failure only shows that in moments of peril there is just as much chance of a man losing his head and abusing his powers whether he is an aristocrat or a plebeian.

LORD PLUNKET, Bishop of Tuam, is dead. He was the eldest son of the first Baron (William Conyngham) Plunket, the famous Irish Chancellor. But the Bishop inherited only the name and fortune, not the genius or talent, of the great Plunket. As a clergyman, he had no professional reputation, and he inaugurated his episcopal career by delivering as his own "charge" whole pages from the printed "charge" of an English prelate. The trick was discovered in consequence of the indiscreet zeal of the Tuam clergy, who requested his lordship to print his "charge." The late Bishop was Dean of Down from 1831 to 1839, and his father, whose views on Irish matters were generally liberal, showed an unwonted obtuseness in recognising the merit of the Irish tithe legislation of the period. Lord Normanby explained this obtuseness of Chancellor Plunket by observing that the "Son was in his eyes." Bishop Plunket, during the earlier years of his episcopate, lived a quiet life, but latterly yielded to the persuasions of members of his family, and gave himself up to the proselytizing system which was illustrated by the ejection of some of the Roman Catholic tenants of his See land, and the demolition of the schools maintained by the Roman Catholic priests. Of course, Bishop Plunket became thoroughly unpopular among the peasantry, but received in return the worship of the Irish Church missionaries, who lauded his lordship as a saint. The Bishop leaves four daughters, but no son; consequently the title and entailed estates descend to the Hon. John Plunket, whose son, the Rev. Wm. Conyngham Plunket (married to the daughter of Benjamin L. Guinness, who restored St. Patrick's Cathedral), will eventually become Baron Plunket. Lord Chancellor Plunket did not acquire much landed property. Old Connaught, his residence near Bray, was scarcely worth its rent, and the only estates belonging to the title are those bequeathed by a brother of the Chancellor, a clever physician, who purchased land in Monaghan county to the value of a few thousands a year. Tuam Bishopric is worth £4,039 per annum net, besides the See house.

THE *Times*, in a leading article on the recent fatal accident at Mont Blanc, suggests that the time may perhaps come when steps and iron rails and galleries will lead to the monarch of mountains' summit, which will be surmounted by an hotel with a *table d'hôte*. This idea of the probable vulgarising of Mont Blanc was very amusingly treated by Mr. John Parry, in two of the large sheets of sketches in his "Ridiculous Things," where he shows the popular lecturer giving his entertainment to an *al fresco* audience, with his real scenery in the background.

THE Reform League have been presenting a testimonial to a prominent member of the Holborn branch for twenty years' services as an "advocate of the rights of the people." Departing from the usual teapot, the branch gave this gentleman a shield and an embroidered scarf. These appropriate marks of distinction were conferred amidst music and refreshments, while a portrait of Mr. Beales graced the walls in addition to a memorial of the Hyde Park demonstration. What a shield has to do with the franchise, or a scarf with a more extended suffrage, we are at a loss to know.

NORTHMOOR-GREEN CHURCH was the scene of some very disgraceful proceedings on Sunday last. Mr. Hunt, the incumbent, is afflicted with the prevailing taste for candles, acolytes, and vestments; and it appears the congregation engaged eight persons, two women and six men, to burlesque his performances. They were decked out in garments which consisted, for the most part, of several pieces of paper either pinned or sewn together, in the form of a cloak, and intended to represent a cope, similar to that worn by Mr. Hunt in his

"high celebrations." The paper was of various hues, and composed of strips of paperhangings. On the back, in the gayest colours, were pieces of paper arranged in the form of a large cross. Pieces of large placards, printed on different-coloured paper, pages of illustrated periodicals, &c., fastened together, helped to complete the costume. One man wore a high "cardinal's hat," made of yellow paper; another had strips of coloured paper attached to his cap, in imitation of the ribbons of a recruit, and wore in front an immense placard, "Scottish Life Insurance," while behind was another large placard, "Sanger's Celebrated Hippodrome." Mr. Hunt proceeded to the pulpit, after inviting a constable to sit by it. A great deal of hooting and uproar went on during the sermon and afterwards. If Mr. Hunt cannot exercise his functions without the aid of the police, we cannot see how he can exercise them at all with decency.

FOR want of something better to do, the minor Parisian journalists have been quarrelling with each other, and rendering their vocation ridiculous by still more ridiculous duels. The latest illustration is very significant. One Robert Mitchell, of the *Étendard*, having been challenged by Pierre Véron, of the *Charivari*, refused to fight with pistols, as he was disabled in the right hand, but was very willing to use a sword. M. Véron's seconds could not well understand how the hand, which was unable to hold a pistol, could wield a sword. "It shall be bound to my arm," said Mitchell, and so he wriggled out of his awkward position, for the seconds would have nothing more to say to him. Is this the same Robert Mitchell who figured in the London Bankruptcy Court as the "literary agent"—we use a shorter word in English—of Count Persigny, and was mixed up with some rather shady transactions with Peter Morrison and the Deposit Bank?

A VERY pretty quarrel has been raging for some time past, it appears, between the authorities of the British Museum on the one hand, and the Civil Service Commissioners on the other, and it has culminated at last in the production of an unusually entertaining Parliamentary paper. We learn from this that the Commissioners have been plucking the recent candidates for posts in the Museum in the most merciless manner, so that it has required an unusual amount of courage in an aspirant for reception there to face the terrible ordeal of examination. A graduate of Cambridge, who had been employed for years as a private tutor, was rejected on the ground of his ignorance of Latin; and an A.A. of the same University, who had received a prize for French in his local examination, was turned back on the score of his insufficient knowledge of that language. It appeared as if the Examiners were determined to deprive the Museum of recruits; and the trustees of that establishment were positively obliged to contrive a species of side-door by which to admit the candidates whom the Commissioners rejected at the main entrance. It seems unfortunate that the authorities who manage the Civil Service Examinations cannot make their form of procedure more popular with the heads of the various Government offices. The whole system of examinations will be rendered hateful to the minds of practical officials if it is conducted in the eccentric style which has marked certain recent proceedings on the part of the Commissioners. When Parliament meets, the subject will probably attract the attention of both Houses. The Commissioners will be wise if they attempt, in the interval, to arrange matters so that they may be considered in the light of an assistance to the Civil Service, and not a stumbling-block in the way of its operations.

LORD MAYOR PHILLIPS has been *fêted* at Brussels during the peaceful combats of the Tir National, and he has been made a Commander of the Order of Leopold; but it is not all milk and honey with him. It seems that he made a speech at Brussels, in which he said:—"I love Belgium; I love the King; I love this people; I love its institutions." Very pretty; but, unluckily, *L'International*, a French paper published in London, has discovered that these are mere set phrases of his lordship. He keeps them stereotyped, and produces them whenever required. At a recent Guildhall meeting in favour of Reform, he exclaimed:—"I love the English workman; I love this people which claims its civic rights." Previous to that, at a banquet given to the present Government, the form was—"I love Lord Derby; I love his talent and his genius; I love his political sagacity." And previous to that—oh, wicked

flirt!—he had protested at a banquet given to the *late* Government, that his "ardent and sincere sympathies" were with the Liberals. The retiring Lord Mayor has a good deal of love in his composition, and he divides it very impartially.

NEGROES are strange beings; yet we were hardly prepared for a statement which is made by the New York correspondent of the *Morning Star*. The correspondent was informed by a Mississippi planter that in that part of America the black people are renouncing Christianity, and lapsing into the grossest and foulest idolatry. This is especially the case with those communities which were conspicuously religious before and during the war. "Some of them," says the writer, "advance the extraordinary idea that Christ was a rebel God, and that he died when the Confederate Government was overthrown. They think, therefore, that it is incumbent upon them to set up a god of their own, and this they have accordingly done to a limited extent. As I understand it, they worship images of their own manufacture, and they perform their devotions at singular seasons. Selecting some graveyard, they strip it of every living thing, even to the grass, and, beating the ground hard, they assemble in the inclosure late at night, and there perform their rites, which consist of sacrifices, dances, &c." Strange as this story is, it is far from incredible. The negro intellect is excitable, and the events of the last few years have been enough to stimulate even the most torpid. The religion of Southern negroes has never been more than a very thin veneer, covering the aboriginal barbarism; and it is not surprising that men who have so often seen Christianity identified with oppression, should throw it off at the first opportunity of freedom.

BRUSSELS is singularly fortunate just now in its attractions. No sooner have the English Volunteers and the Lord Mayor departed, than one of the most interesting trials for murder that the country has seen, offers itself for public attention. The accused, Risk Allah Bey, is quite a man with a history. He is a native of Lebanon, and, when a young man, came to England, where he studied medicine, and obtained the diploma of the College of Surgeons. On the breaking out of the Crimean war he took service in the Turkish army, and after its termination returned to England as medical attaché to the Ottoman Embassy, having received from the Sultan the order of the Medjidie, and the title of Bey. In 1857 he married a widow with a fortune of £25,000; she soon afterwards died, leaving to the Bey £20,000, and to a young man named George Readley, who passed as her nephew, but who was really her natural child, £5,000. This he was to receive on his attaining 21 years; but, in the event of his dying under that age, it was to go absolutely to the Bey. In March, 1865, the Bey and his ward Readley, who was then very nearly 21, were staying at the Rhine Hotel, at Antwerp, and one morning the young man is found dead in his bed, the body still warm, and a loaded fowling-piece, recently discharged, lying at his side, and a piece of paper on the dressing-table containing, in the deceased's own handwriting, "I have done it." This, coupled with the circumstance that young Readley had suffered some disappointment in love, and had written to the lady who had refused him "that there were many ways of finding an honourable death," pointed rather forcibly to suicide. There were, however, facts raising serious suspicions against the Bey. Inducements enough for the murder existed in the £5,000, to which the Bey was entitled on Readley's dying under 21, and in an insurance for £1,000 for which he had only just insured the young man's life. The state of the body was also against the supposition that the deceased had shot himself. Although the wounds were of such a nature as to procure immediate death, the deceased was found lying covered by the bed-clothes, with his hands quietly folded across his breast. Whatever the result of the inquiry may be, it is likely to be a protracted one, as not only is there a complicated charge of forgery mixed up with the more serious one of murder, but all the evidence has to be translated from French into English at the prisoner's request.

WE have been told that the Spanish authorities treated the crew of the *Tornado* as prisoners of war. One of the crew, in a letter to his friends, gives the following account of the reception they met with:—

"I was taken out of the stokehole, with nothing on but my trousers and shirt, and these wet with sweat, and put aft on the quarter-deck, and kept there till my teeth were chattering with cold. Some of our men were asleep. Their hammocks were cut down, and when they

attempted to put clothes on themselves they got a revolver pointed to their head or a bayonet to their breast. They were driven aft, some of them with nothing on but trousers and shirt, bareheaded, and without shoes, and put in irons. I was not put in irons. They had not enough for us all. They searched the ship, and then sent us all on board the *Gerona*, except the captain, mate, and engineer, and four stewards. Our boat (the *Tornado*) was next day sent on to Cadiz, but the *Gerona* remained off Madeira till the 4th of September. We then sailed for Cadiz, where we arrived on the 7th. We were kept on board the *Gerona* till the 3rd of October—six weeks—without a shift of clothing, and had only water once during that time to wash ourselves with. The little clothes we had on were never off us during that time, as we had only a mattress to lie on, and no covering. During seven nights we had to take the bare decks for it. It was warm during the daytime; but at night, between vermin and cold, we could not sleep. We had to strip and pick the vermin off ourselves every day, or else we should have been eaten alive. But we have now got part of our clothes, and are shifted to another ship, where we are much better treated."

We have no desire to hurry the Spanish authorities to a decision concerning the character of the ship; but we cannot help doubting whether the authorities are not sacrificing a crew of British seamen to the respect for Spanish convenience, to an extent that is scarcely necessary.

TOMBSTONES have been, time out of mind, vehicles of egotism, and obituary notices have not been sparing of laudation. But the praise has been of the dead, and the survivors have been satisfied with a reflected glorification. But the obituary puff-direct seems to threaten us with invasion. Here is a specimen:—

"On the 20th inst., at No. 3, Crescent, Clifton-grove, Peckham, Mrs. Jenny Vance, the dearly-beloved wife of A. G. Vance, Esq., the popular comedian and vocalist, respected and esteemed by all who knew her. Her end was peace. Friends will please to accept this intimation."

"The popular comedian and vocalist." Might not this have been left out? Or, if some professional allusion must appear, why not go in boldly for "The Great Vance"? We do not suppose that Mr. Vance himself had anything to do with this absurd announcement; but it shows the unwholesome tendency to burn incense before any sort of celebrity, that even a good woman cannot die but her death must be made the occasion for a puff.

We have refreshing news from America. Bloomerism has blossomed into an affair of honour between two ladies. An American paper describes a duel between Mrs. Martha Stewart and Mrs. Roberts, both of San Antonio, Texas. The heroines met armed with revolvers, and Mrs. Martha Stewart is said to have been badly wounded. We are left to imagine the cause of their meeting. Had Mrs. Roberts reflected on the chastity of Mrs. Stewart's spouse? or, had Mrs. Stewart offended Mrs. Roberts in a way her honour could not brook? We should be glad to have more detailed intelligence of this affair. But even this bald announcement of it shows that civilization is not standing still.

MESSRS. NAPPER AND BALDOCK, the pugilists who met in fierce (very fierce) conflict on Tuesday last, deserve well of the profession. They have rescued the noble art from the imputation of not being business, which two of its devotees, by a very mild encounter, latterly brought upon it. If any two people in this world ever meant business, they are Messrs. Napper and Baldock. Their contest was altogether a lively affair. Not only did the principals "fight, and gouge, and bite, and kick" each other, but the seconds, in addition to taking an occasional share in a tumble in which either Mr. Baldock or Mr. Napper found himself undermost, drew life-preservers against one another, and were only pacified by an offensive alliance against the referee, who was threatened with annihilation, and received so much towards it that he was knocked off his seat, and departed the ring, leaving the fight undecided. How is it that the railways carry these assemblages of ruffians? Are the Directors who control the Charing-cross and Cannon-street stations addicted to the fancy? One thing is certain, that the shareholders are small gainers, as the greasiest and dirtiest of the crowd not only took and retained by force seats in first-class carriages, "notwithstanding the loud protestations of the half-frightened and much-bewildered porters," but upon the arrival of the train at Greenhithe, rushed off over the embankment, to avoid paying their fares.

THERE was a union outrage at Nottingham some days ago, and it now appears that the principal witnesses have been

smuggled out of the way. The outrage was committed by some union men in the building trades who were out on strike, and its victims were certain workmen whom the masters had imported from adjacent towns, and some of whom were lodging at an eating-house kept by a man named Dalton. Into this house the union men entered with blackened faces, and beat the immigrants savagely. The assault was witnessed by a servant girl and five other persons, who have all disappeared. This leaves no doubt that the actors of such outrages have backers, to what extent it is impossible as yet to say. And what is worse than this disappearance of the Nottingham witnesses is the non-appearance of any one who can tell us who it was who made such an effort to assassinate the Fearneyhough family at Sheffield. After all, the perpetrators of trade outrages in England seem to find as many sympathizers as the perpetrators of agrarian outrages in Ireland. But how will this fact bear on the extension of the franchise?

It is reported, in circles likely to be well informed, that at the commencement of next session a measure will be introduced for the registration of railway debentures, in order to prevent future frauds like those which have lately caused so much scandal in the financial world. A system of registering all bank shares, and of making it unlawful to deal in the latter unless the exact numbers of the shares sold are specified on the sale note (as is the rule on the Liverpool Stock Exchange) is much wanted, and would render it almost impossible to witness a repetition of the "bearing" rascalities by which so many persons were recently ruined. Both these measures are likely to become law ere long; the more so as they are said to be advocated by financial men on either side of the House, although, unfortunately for their own credit, not by those who have any railway or Stock Exchange interest.

ACCORDING to an American paper, "Miss Caroline Brewer," being disappointed in love, made a vow never to speak afterwards, and kept silence in an almshouse until her death, which was not for thirty-five years from the time when her romantic resolution was first adopted. If her determination was generally known, perhaps she might have got a husband easily enough.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

OXFORD.

WHETHER the Oxford undergraduates will burn Mr. Sidney Owen in effigy, or whether their consciences will assure them of the truth of his remarks, is not yet known; but there is no doubt that that gentleman has availed himself of the publicity of the Church Congress to show up this portion of the rising generation—

"And nail them like a weasel on a grange
For warning."

He stops short of the dictum of an eminent professor, "that the knowledge represented by a Pass is considerably less than nothing;" but he finds among that class which is to recruit the ranks of the clergy, "a disposition most alien to moral earnestness, profound conviction, spiritual fervour." He considers that the mass of undergraduates at Oxford exhibits "a frivolity, a self-indulgence, a frantic and ruling devotion to sports and amusements—an instinctive and confirmed shrinking from severe application,—a heedlessness of their future, and proximately future, requirements—an apparent incapacity to grasp the uncovenanted behests of present duties" (whatever that may mean) "that was quite appalling." He accuses them, too, of a similar incapacity to interest themselves in questions of higher and deeper importance, but we prefer to keep his actual words to their more suitable place at a Church Congress. These remarks are followed in the report by the familiar "cheers." How inexplicable these "cheers" seem to be sometimes in printed reports; one would always like to know what they mean, whether the audience thought it a very satisfactory remark or very humorous, or whether they were able to endorse the truth of it, or whether they were only indistinctly sensible that a hard hit had been administered, which always "brings down the house." But not to digress upon the subject of audiences in general, we notice that these remarks of Mr. Sidney Owen were distasteful to the Bishop of Oxford, who says some words of defence for the "unhappy boys trotted out with such an unmerciful exhibition." And we are quite of opinion too that the picture is an unfair one to go before the public. It is an overdrawn statement. Mr. Sidney Owen has hit upon some

of the leading characteristics of the worst fashions of Oxford life, which every one who has the interest of the University at heart must deplore. But he has been staring so hard at one patch of colour, that his eye cannot lose the impression yet: so that it floats before him wherever he looks. Mr. Owen's acquaintance probably lies in one particular direction, and may present the more frivolous and unevangelized side of Oxford life; but for our own part (while admitting the existence of the dangerous tendencies described), we feel fortunate in many happy recollections, and not a little present satisfaction, arising from a state of things much more hopeful. We have seen too many instances of deep feeling and earnest conviction, and even enthusiasm, in those who intended to devote themselves to the service of our church, to suffer us to accept this stern censor's sweeping rebuke without a protest. We want an improved tone in many quarters here; we want to reform many abuses, but our encouragement must come from monitors whose words strike a different note to that sounded by Mr. Owen.

If it be not a reformation, it is at any rate a novelty when our Heads of Houses resign. The precedent is to be inaugurated by Dr. Wilson, the President of Trinity. Of the intended resignation there is no doubt, although the somewhat mysterious announcement in the *Times* seems in the same breath to imply a doubt about the circumstance and to state it as a certainty. "A statement" (we quote from the *Times* 'University Intelligence') "made in certain journals that the President of Trinity is about to resign his office is based on the fact that that gentleman has announced that it is not his intention to hold the presidency beyond the close of the present term." The reasons which have induced such a step, and the name of the successor who is likely to be appointed are freely circulating as pieces of Oxford gossip—too purely and distinctly gossip to be admissible in "Our University Letter." A favourable subject of discussion among our advanced University Radicals is the useless and wasteful tradition of having Heads of Houses at all. We have overheard them delivering themselves of such heretical remarks as the following:—"It is," they say, "a mere squandering of college revenues that ought to be educational prizes or devoted to educational purposes." They represent that elections to headships are, as often as not, the result of cabals, the expression of merely personal or interested feelings, or a compromise between two college parties. They declare that neither literary tastes, nor educational experience, nor college rivalry, nor the remembrance of promises can save a Head from the influence of that subtle poison of narcotic selfishness with which the office is steeped and interpenetrated. They complain that while tutors have £300, and no prospects, for devoting their best years to the college, that the Head receives his £1,500 and a position, for only existing. Finally, they regard these potentates as distinct obstacles to progress, and they sketch out schemes in which a resident married tutor is the great man in college, till he retires upon a superannuation pension, or is wafted away to the halcyon retreat of a college living." Such words we have heard through a half-open window while walking back to college at night, and, by climbing on a "string course," we were able to peep in and identify certain members of the meeting, whom we shall be prepared to denounce as soon as the first Head is assassinated. The scene was not wholly unlike the meeting of Noah Learoy and his friends in the "Long Strike!" Revolutionary as the expressions were, we almost lost our footing by a sudden start at the truthfulness of the remark about the "subtle poison" by which the easy-chair life (which is compatible with a headship) benumbs many a really good and useful man into something which is — well, less useful!

The end of last week and the beginning of the present one has been full of other things beside matriculations and scholarships. There have been various vacancies in the hebdomadal council and more than the usual amount of interest evinced in the appointments.

On Saturday Congregation had to elect an M.A. into a vacancy caused by a decease. There were two candidates. Mr. S. Wayte, of Trinity, and Mr. H. P. Liddon, of Christ Church. The former, a gentleman of moderate Liberal and moderate High Church views, a good "man of business," and one skilful and practised in University matters; the other, a most talented orator of the distinctly High Church school, whose particular "coin of vantage" is the pulpit. Now here we have had before us two excellent and worthy men—the former, designed both by nature and practice for the conduct of University business; the other, the ornament of the University Church. In a case like this, where no question of orthodoxy came in, nor any other "disturbing influence," Mr. Wayte's claims on the votes of the electors were of course unapproach-

able. But here a new influence comes in. It is satisfactory to know that both candidates are irreproachable gentlemen, and clergymen of the Church of England, because it enables one to see better how all elections in Oxford are at present worked. Well, Mr. Wayte is put forward by the Liberal party, and Mr. Liddon by the Conservative. In a moment everything is changed; any idea of the relative fitness of the candidates is immediately ignored, and the voting is as completely the recognition of a political ticket as any American proceedings have ever been. It is a grave misfortune to Oxford at a time which is, we doubt not, a critical period in the history of the University, that party spirit rather than educational interests should be paramount in our votings. That it is so we unhesitatingly maintain and deplore. It is not even an assertion of principle or religious bias, which no one could be surprised to see; but it is the blind and unthinking rally round a party cry which we complain of. Yet we should have been very willing to have passed it by as being only an old offence, but when one finds the leaders of the Low Church party with their satellites voting for an avowed supporter of advanced High Church principles, rather than be found for a moment furthering the cause of the "Liberal ticket," we may be excused for thinking that the "good time" is still only "coming." Of course our remarks imply the election of Mr. Liddon, at which, *in itself*, we have not the slightest wish to complain, the votes being 90 for that candidate, against Mr. Wayte's 87.

Nearly the whole of Monday afternoon was taken up with other elections. The three Heads of Houses, Drs. Winter, Sewell, and Cradock, were returned without opposition; but with the election of three professors to serve on the hebdomadal council, the excitement began—Drs. Pusey and Heurtley (the Regius Professor of Hebrew and Margaret Professor of Divinity) were the Conservative choice; Professors Bernard and H. S. Smith the Liberal nominees. (Thus we have acquiesced in the bad habit of accepting the division of the University into parties!) The result of the poll was very close, and the excitement was prolonged by the faultiness of the proctors' arithmetic in casting up the votes. However, the list came out at last. Professors Pusey and Bernard registering 93 votes each, Professor Heurtley coming near with 91 votes, and Professor Smith with 86, the three first being elected. At the election of M.A.'s to serve on the council, Mr. S. Wayte was put forward again by his friends, and the result of the poll was looked for with considerable interest and much uncertainty, as it was foreseen that every possible combination of the various nominees would be handed in by the voters. Messrs. J. Griffiths, R. Michell, Turner, and Wayte, were the names to be voted upon.

To those waiting in the Apodyterium, or in the Convocation-house, it appeared as if the result of the poll would never be given out. The running was very close, and the proctors were in variance about their arithmetic again. One gentleman gave the superiority by a single vote to Mr. Wayte, while the other gave it as a "dead heat." The last result would have compelled a fresh election upon a subsequent day; but upon an entirely fresh calculation the proctors were at last agreed that Mr. John Griffiths stood at the head of the poll with 100 votes, that Mr. Michell followed him with 94, and that Messrs. Wayte and Turner were finally separated by a single vote—viz., 92 to 93, only that Mr. Turner, contrary to the expectation formed in the first counting, was the successful man, having carried his election by a single vote. The two proctors too evidently showed how painful and uncertain a rule of arithmetic is simple addition joined with permutations and combinations.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE Crystal Palace concert of Saturday last brought forward Mr. Arthur Sullivan's overture to his yet unproduced opera "The Sapphire Necklace," a fresh proof of this young gentleman's industry and ambition; and further evidence it seems to us of a want of that power of original thought or definite concentration of purpose which alone could justify the indiscriminate praise that has been lavished on this composer in certain quarters. We would gladly hail any signs of promise, however small, of a composer who might produce something of permanent value to give a reality to what is now only the empty name of English music; but, with all the forbearance that is due to a young author, we find it impossible to avoid saying that we do not discern such progress in Mr. Sullivan's productions as to warrant the hope that he will supply the void. His music is carefully written, frequently very well instrumented for the orchestra; but the themes are neither new nor striking, and are put together in such a way as to leave a vague and unsatisfactory impression on the hearer at

the close of the piece. This new overture begins with a slow and sombre introduction, which works gradually up to an allegro movement, the principal subject of which is too meagre and indefinite for such a purpose. The subsidiary or episodic subject is more attractive, but is somewhat reflective of Auber's manner, a style which Mr. Sullivan affects too often for one who seeks a reputation as an English composer. As before said, however, there are some passages of brilliant orchestration, and Mr. Sullivan occasionally works up his climaxes with brilliant effect. He has the technical requisites for success in his art; but, as yet, has scarcely acquired that vein of independent thought without which art can never be anything better than a pale reflex of the ideas of others. The overture to "Der Freyschütz" and Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony were the other orchestral performances of the day; both admirably given, although we dissent from the rapidity of movement which Mr. Manns gave to the first allegro and finale of the symphony. The vocal music, which was of unequal interest, comprised a graceful (solo) madrigal from Gounod's operetta "La Colombe," sung with refinement by Mr. Cummings, together with an instrumental entr'acte from the same opera, an air from Handel's opera of "Admetus," one from Mercadante's "Il Giuramento," Curschmann's pretty trio, "Ti prego,"—all of which pieces, more or less good, were counterbalanced by a rampant song in waltz tempo, given out with demonstrative volubility by Mdle. Liebhart, and a so-called Elizabethan ditty, to words by Sir Philip Sidney, the music of which was in direct antithesis to the text, being more in the style of the modern drawing-room namby-pamby ballads—those inane productions with brilliantly-coloured lithographic title-pages.

A rehearsal (with orchestra and solo singers) for the approaching Norwich Festival took place at St. James's Hall on Wednesday, when the novelties for the forthcoming celebration were partially tried through, in preparation for the general rehearsal at Norwich on the morning of Monday next; the festival itself commencing on the evening of that day.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

THE production of "Faust" at Drury Lane Theatre is one of those theatrical events which show the past and present degraded condition of the British stage. Instead of being accepted as a matter of course—instead of the disgraceful fact being hidden that nearly ninety years have elapsed without this great German classic being properly rendered on the English stage—the production is advertised in the most sensational manner. When it comes, the most that can be said is that it is not Goethe's "Faust" but the nearest approach to it that has ever been given to the English playgoer. It is not the poem, pure and simple; it is not the poem condensed within the ordinary limits of an acting play, but it is the poem adapted by a practical dramatist—a "theatre poet" without the scruples of Goethe's dramatist—the poem illustrated in true theatrical fashion with a large amount of spectacle and ballet which anticipate the theatrical plum-puddings of Christmas. The adapter is Mr. Bayle Bernard, a dramatist of great experience, who appears, on the one hand, to have been a little overawed by the importance of his subject, and on the other, to have had very little faith in the poetical taste of his audience. Working for the *Schauspielhaus*—the national theatre of England—it is curious to see how much ballet a dramatist of judgment thinks is necessary to make a certain quantity of poetry endurable. If the proportion between the first and second elements of attraction reminds us of the sack and bread of Falstaff, we are hardly in a position to say that Mr. Bayle Bernard has acted unwisely. A theatre is in a great measure a commercial speculation, and its first duty is to yield a profit. Mr. Bayle Bernard's version of "Faust" is successful; and what more is required? Goethe may not be quite as good a name to censure with as Shakespeare, but he has the charm of novelty. His bust stands in the lobby, if his play scarcely stands upon the stage of Drury Lane, and that is something. The Germans have produced burlesques of the poem before now, notably one at Leipzig last summer—and why should the English, except out of gratitude for the respect shown to Shakespeare in Germany, be more considerate? Mr. Bayle Bernard is a modest adapter. He has issued "a few words" in defence and explanation of his work, which prepare us for many departures from the text of the poet, but the experience of the Drury-Lane management hardly justifies Mr. Bayle Bernard in saying that "Faust" "as the abstract philosopher would be unintelligible on the English stage." Manfred was a little too much of the abstract philosopher, but Manfred, intelligible or unintelligible, was popular, and that is what we presume Mr. Bayle Bernard doubted that "Faust" would be. The production of Manfred—the entire poem of Byron's—by Messrs Falconer and Chatterton at Drury Lane in 1863, was a theatrical experiment in many respects dissimilar from the production of "Faust." Manfred was essentially a gloomy, undramatic poem, nearly all scenery and soliloquy, with few or no collisions of character, and only one scene—the Hall of Arimanes—in which the ballet-master could run riot. Such as it was, however, it was placed upon the stage with a blind reverence for the poet's diction, and with no more cheering precedent than its failure at Covent Garden about thirty years before. Its success was very likely a managerial "fluke," and half the people who went to see it probably understood very little of its daring dialogue—the defiant speeches of its hero. The success of this copy of "Faust"—for Manfred is as much indebted to Goethe's great poem, as that poem is indebted to Marlowe's "Faustus"—has

unquestionably paved the way for the production of the German play. The faith, however, in literature which distinguished the first experiment is almost wanting in the second. "Faust" has been cut and trimmed to suit the theatrical market. The dialogue is translated, transposed, and shifted; all the offensive intellect has disappeared from the speeches, many of the familiar scenes have been cut down to the dimensions allowed by a practised playwright, and made concise and stagey—in short, if the drama had been written by Goethe in its Drury-Lane form, the world would have been saved a mass of learned treatises concerning the poet's philosophy and meaning. The most we can say for the adaptation is that it is vastly superior to the contemptible versions mentioned by Mr. Bernard—the "Dr. Faustus" of Mr. George Soane, produced at Drury Lane in 1825 (not 1826) with Bishop's music, and O. Smith and Terry alternately as Mephistopheles, or the French play of Michel Carré, called "Faust and Marguerite," which, adapted by Mr. Boucicault, was produced at the Princess's in 1854, with Mr. Charles Kean as Mephistopheles. It is also vastly superior to one version not mentioned by Mr. Bernard, the "Faust" of Mr. H. P. Grattan, produced at Sadler's Wells about 1842. The only merit about these versions was the absence of pretension, and the only defect about the Drury-Lane version is the presence of the same element. Though avowedly not written for stage representation, it would be difficult to find a more dramatic poem than the first part of "Faust"—the part containing the loves of Faust and Gretchen, which is alone familiar to the general public. Why nearly a century has rolled by without some literary attempt worthy of the name having been made to adapt it to the English stage, we are at a loss to conceive. Mr. Bayle Bernard's version can only be accepted as a well-meaning, but somewhat timid, attempt to present this dramatic poem to English audiences fettered with a practised playwright's shifts and contrivances. The two preludes, the one in the theatre and the one in heaven, are left out; the study scenes are all combined in one, and the dialogue shifts backwards and forwards; the scene before the gate is passed by, and is afterwards combined with the cellar scene at Leipzig, and the street scene in which Margaret first meets Faust; the witches' kitchen is cut out; several other scenes are treated in a like manner, and the adapter has kept more closely to the original in the chamber scene, the garden scene, the city-fountain scene, and the prison scene. The version of the Walpurgis night's revelry introduced has been much modified from the original, and filled with the ordinary unimaginative glimpses of the spirit world which spring from the brain of the stage-manager. This scene, and the one in which Faust sheds the cloak and wig of his old age, to appear as the youthful destroyer of Margaret is in the usual style of Christmas pantomime. The German city scenes are excellent. The play is provided with an unimpassioned Faust in Mr. E. Phelps, a dry, sarcastic, self-conscious Mephistopheles in Mr. Phelps, and a Margaret in Mrs. Vezin who wants little but the extreme girlhood of Goethe's charming heroine. The speaking spirits are all as pompous and ridiculous as beadles, and the singing spirits would do well to sing louder.

SCIENCE.

After the patient and costly labour of four years, coal has at length been struck in the new Stafford pits, near Priors-lee, on the line of railway between Wellington and Shifnal. The coal is of the description known as the double coal; the seam is 6 feet 3 inches in thickness, and lying perfectly horizontal, promises a rich field. At present the men are working through the yellow-stone, iron-stone, and yard coal; and from the geological characteristics of the district, it is confidently expected that the blue and white flat iron-stone, the flint-coal, the penny-stone, the sulphur, and other mineral strata of great value will succeed in due course. The distance at which this coal has been struck is only 620 feet, but the cost of working the mine has, nevertheless, been considerable from the unusually hard nature of the rock through which it has been reached. The pit is one of the most easterly in the Shropshire coal-field, and is sunk just where the coal-measures are overlapped by the Permian beds. Another sinking about three and a half miles to the south of the new Stafford pits, is being carried on by the Madely Wood Company, in the parish of Kemberton, where Permian red-marls and sandstones, from sixty to eighty yards thick, overlie the coal-measures, the upper part of which has been penetrated to a considerable depth. These two pits will be of the greatest value in helping to determine the easterly extension of the Shropshire coal-field, and when completed will probably lead to sinkings being made further to the east through the red beds separating the Shropshire and Staffordshire coal-fields.

Some microscopic observations of much interest in a physiological point of view have come to us from the Antipodes. Some years ago, Dr. Hassall proclaimed the occasional formation of indigo in the tissues of the body and also in the urine. Mr. Ralph has recently read a paper before the Medical Society of Victoria on the formation of Prussian blue in the blood from the action of prussic acid. Under the microscope, Mr. Ralph discovered in the blood of patients to whom prussic acid had been given deep blue particles or masses as large as from 20 to 30 blood discs, which he believes to be cyanide of iron or Prussian blue, formed by the reaction of prussic acid on the iron in the blood. Subsequently, similar blue particles were detected in one or two cases in which

no prussic acid had been given. Mr. Ralph queries whether cyanogen may not be sometimes spontaneously formed in the animal economy, giving rise to some diseases of the nervous system, as chorea, convulsions, &c., when its normal antidote, iron, is deficient in quantity. Mr. Ralph suggests that the blue particles, supposed by Dr. Hassall to be indigo, are in reality cyanide of iron.

The *Journal de Médecine de Bruxelles* for April contains a letter from Dr. Hannon, Professor of Botany in the University of Brussels, not only confirming the views recently promulgated by Dr. Salisbury on the cryptogamic origin of marsh or intermittent fevers, but stating that the facts mentioned by the distinguished English physician had long been recognised in Belgium. "In 1843," says Dr. Hannon, "I studied at the University of Liège. Professor Charles Morsen had created in me such an amount of enthusiasm in the study of the physiology of the fresh-water algæ, that the windows and mantelpiece of my chamber were encumbered with plates filled with *Vaucheria Ascellatoria* and confervæ. My preceptor said to me, 'Take care at the period of their fructification, for the spores of the algæ give intermittent fever. I have had it every time I have studied them too closely!' As I cultivated my algæ in pure water, and not in the water of the marsh where I had gathered them, I did not attach any importance to his remark. I suffered for my carelessness a month later, at the period of their fructification. I was taken with shivering; my teeth chattered; I had the fever, which lasted six weeks."

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

FINANCIAL matters remain pretty much in *statu quo*. Notwithstanding occasional reactions, the rates of discount are gradually falling, and are now notably below the Bank minimum of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. In Lombard-street good bills are readily cashed at $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, and first-rate banking paper may be placed at $3\frac{1}{2}$ and even $3\frac{1}{4}$. It is not easy to see, under these circumstances, why the Bank directors should maintain their terms at a point which virtually shuts them out from a large proportion of mercantile business. Seeing that in the past week the Bank has gained nearly a quarter of a million of specie from abroad, it therefore seems almost a superfluous precaution to charge such terms as virtually to abrogate doing that fair share of discount transactions to which they are justly entitled. Doubtless the chief consideration is the fact of some rather large sums of specie having latterly been withdrawn for Egypt to pay for cotton. But against this movement may be placed arrivals far in excess from India and Australia, the consequently large amount of gold at present undisposed of in the market, of which the more considerable portion is certain to go into the Bank, and the ordinary reflux of sovereigns from the country regularly occurring on the termination of the harvest. It will therefore seem inexplicable why the Bank did not reduce their rate yesterday. We can only repeat, however, that, as a general rule, nobody will suffer. The Bank will discount less, but that is their concern. The general market will have a better choice of business; that is, on the other hand, to their benefit. If we were to describe the particular state of affairs that would be chosen by our discounting capitalists, it would resolve itself into this;—the Bank rate never to be above or below 5 per cent., with a good permanent demand for money, not too great, but sufficient to admit of a steady profit of $4\frac{1}{4}$ or $4\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

It is possible to produce a fictitious scarcity of money, but it is impossible to counteract actual abundance. The Bank, by keeping up their rate of discount at 10 per cent. during the past summer, contrived to throw such an amount of discredit on all commercial circles that the official regulations virtually ruled the market. Once the general uneasiness was removed, matters soon found their regular level; it follows, that the circumstance of the Bank rate being maintained at $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. will not prevent ordinary capitalists from lending at $3\frac{1}{2}$, or even less, if it is worth their while. If, however, the official rate were 10 per cent., the result would be, as we have already seen, that no one would lend at all. These singular alternations between confidence and distrust, a strict subservience to the law of supply and demand, and, at another time, an equally marked departure from its rules, form a puzzle to political economists. Theoretically right, they are constantly proved to be practically wrong, and find no better method of enforcing the truth of their favourite doctrines, in the face of daily experience, than by repeating them over and over again with redoubled earnestness. It is only fair to admit, however, that latterly the doctrinaires begin to see that they are not altogether infallible. Secessions are taking place from their ranks, and, what is an important point, some of the most

eminent of their number begin dimly to doubt the truth of the principles they have so long enunciated. The most conspicuous instance of the movement is an able attack upon that time-honoured stronghold, the "law of supply and demand," which has lately appeared in one of our best conducted magazines.

Although to the great body of our merchants the continuance of the Bank rate at a point materially above the quotations in the open market is of little importance, in some cases much inconvenience is entailed. For example, it is a common circumstance that between an English and a foreign trader an agreement is made, that whatever balance may remain in the hands of the one or the other, as the case may be, interest shall be allowed on the same at the current Bank rate. Supposing that a few months ago, Messrs. A. B., of London, trading with Messrs. C. D., of Paris, had a balance in their hands owing to the latter firm, they would pay interest at the Bank rate of 10 per cent. Supposing, on the other hand, that Messrs. C. D. had a balance in favour of A. B., they would pay the Bank of France rate of 4 per cent. This is all right enough, and nothing can be said against the transaction, provided always that the rates charged by the national banks fairly approximate to those prevalent in the general market. In the event, however, of the official minimum being kept at an inequitably high point, there is just ground to complain, since the whole basis of calculation is disturbed.

Again, it is a common occurrence for discounters of bills, against, say, consignments, to agree that they will accept payment under discount at the Bank rate. In this manner, the capitalists are frequently placed at a disadvantage. The firm who have given the bills borrow in the open market a short loan at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and pay off the holders of their acceptances at a charge of $4\frac{1}{2}$. The difference is worth considering, calculated on a fair scale. For a transaction of only £4,000 it comes to £10, and it will be readily understood what the loss really is when we regard the enormous transactions of this description reaching millions not thousands conducted by our banks and discount establishments.

The further explanations of the affairs of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company which have lately appeared have not been received with any great degree of satisfaction. There is some talk that the holders of the debentures that have been issued *ultra vires* are about to take concerted action to vindicate their claims. They cannot be blamed for defending their interests, but the end will probably be a great deal of litigation and expense, and that everybody will be left just where they stood before. As regards the unfortunate concern of Overend, Gurney, & Co., there appears no chance that any settlement will yet be come to. A body of the shareholders appear determined to dispute their liability to the utmost, though how they can succeed it is impossible to see. Great as their grievances may be against the promoters and directors of the concern, and their right to exact whatever reparation can be got out of these individuals (supposing, of course, that the allegations made are true), we are at a loss to see how they can shirk the liability to creditors who have unreservedly trusted in the company itself. There is no doubt that this is the view taken in the courts, as evidenced by the recent decisions.

Although business generally continues remarkably quiet, there seems no falling off in the ordinary transactions of the country. Speculation is for the present at an end, and with it much enterprise. There are signs, however, that the existing inaction will not last long, and that in a few months' time commerce will be as flourishing as ever. A great impetus will doubtless be given by the forthcoming exhibition at Paris.

In foreign investments there has been lately a steady increasing fervour shown for all kinds of American securities, and so far as it is possible to judge, this feeling will not diminish, but, on the contrary, is likely to get steadier. The reason for this is no doubt the steady determination shown by the United States Government to diminish their public debt. It is now by no means uncommon for country gentlemen and professional men to invest their rents and earnings in the 5-20 bonds, in Erie Railway shares, or in Great Western (America) debentures, speculations heretofore confined almost exclusively to London or Liverpool mercantile men, or members of the Stock Exchange.

The whole of the first issue of £50,000 shares of £1 each of the Joint-Stock Coal Company (Limited) having been subscribed, it appears the company increased its capital by a second issue of the same number. As a considerable portion of these latter have been taken up, it is contemplated shortly to make a third issue. The first dividend and bonus, declared in December last, were 6 and 4 per cent. per annum respectively.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. FROUDE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

(SECOND NOTICE.)

In his fourth volume, Mr. Froude, confining himself more strictly to English history, becomes at once more elevated and more interesting. Contemporary with the excesses of Irish and English in the sister island, there were excesses here at home—treachery, cruelty, assassination, grovelling, and hideous superstition; but, nevertheless, there were, side by side with these things, displays of virtue and political wisdom which tinged the main current of our story with grandeur. In a Government such as ours then was, few individuals enjoyed an opportunity of rendering themselves conspicuous except by crime or rebellion. The reins of power were held by few hands—nominally by those of the Queen, practically by those of Burleigh and Walsingham. Leicester exerted sway, too, but exerted it as an interloper, through the influence he obtained as the Queen's lover, through his connection with the Puritan party, through the multiplications of those channels which that party was opening up and deepening into the heart of English society. No one has, as yet, fully unveiled the workings of that spirit, half political, half religious, which, call it by what name we please, saved us as a nation from ecclesiastical domination and from despotism. The names of the men who performed the sacred duty may be forgotten, or never have been widely known; but they had their reward, and a rich and glorious one it was, in the profound and uninterrupted consciousness that they were shaking off the heaviest of all yokes from the neck of their country. In this noble labour, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, did his part. He may have been actuated by motives of personal ambition, by individual hatreds, by envy, by malice; but that in reality he was an enemy to his country, never has been and never will be proved. With respect to Elizabeth herself, who occupied the highest eminence in the age in which she lived, it is equally unphilosophical to represent her as an angel or as a fiend. She was a woman, handsome, impassioned, capricious, vain, and yet highly intellectual. Few men when they came into collision with her mind were called upon to look below them. In most cases, when they rose to their highest, Elizabeth was quite as high, and knew it. We have said she was a woman, but she was likewise a Tudor—fierce, vindictive, with the hot blood of the old race boiling over in her veins. If in the virtue which should belong to her sex she was deficient, the fact may be explained at least, if it cannot be palliated: she had two strong passions in her nature, the love of rule and the love of men, and was alternately swayed irresistibly by both. Had she married, she might possibly have run the chance of being only the second person in the realm, an idea which was to her unendurable; yet her craving for love, which often made her indiscriminating, subordinated her powerful intellect to minds far inferior to her own. But it is not so much in this light that she is contemplated by Mr. Froude, as in another, more belonging to history. Her situation may truly be described as unique. Almost from the moment she became a Queen, circumstances thrust a thorn into her side, which rankled and bled throughout the greater part of the period during which she held the sceptre. England had only just emerged from Catholicism, and the partisans of the deposed creed were, as a necessary consequence, still numerous in the land. The people looked upon Elizabeth not merely as their Queen, but as their safeguard. She might have great vices, and doubtless had; but when she took up the reins of Government, multitudes of men and women were permitted to crawl out of dungeons into the light, to practise freely the gift of speech—or, if not quite freely, yet more freely than they had ever done before—and to worship God as their consciences dictated. Hence the eagerness, which almost appears absurd, that Elizabeth should marry. They felt that their happiness hung on a single thread, which might be cut at any moment; in which case there was a female panther in the den of Tutbury ready to spring forth, to put the crown upon her head, and to surround herself with her own creatures.

The burning eagerness with which Elizabeth's Catholic subjects sought her overthrow was illustrated by what they then called the "rebellion in the North." Several noblemen and gentlemen threw aside their allegiance, and took up arms, but were speedily defeated and driven into Scotland, where they were received and protected by the adherents of Mary. To chastise the Border Scots for this insult to England, as well as to disable them from obstructing the Regent's Government, Elizabeth despatched the Earl of Sussex with an army to devastate the counties on the Border, which were all more or less devoted to the Catholic cause, as well as to plunder and disorder:—

"Sussex," says Mr. Froude, "now arranged the details of the invasion. The soldiers were Southerners. The Border levies, exposed as they would be to after-vengeance, could not be relied upon to do the intended work with sufficient effect. 700 men were sent to Carlisle, to Scrope, and 1,000 to Sir John Forster on the Middle Marches: the remainder were kept at Berwick with Sussex himself and Hunsdon. The line was to be crossed the same day and hour at three different points. Sussex was to march direct to Kelso and follow the line of the Teviot upwards. Foster was to enter half-way between Carlisle and Berwick, and Scrope was left to his discretion, to go where he

could inflict the greatest injury. On the evening of Monday, the 17th of April, the two noblemen left Berwick. They halted at Wark till daybreak the following morning, when they burned Kelso, and then passed up Teviotdale in two bodies on either side of the river, 'leaving neither castle, tower, or town undestroyed till they came to Jedburgh.' Every stone building, large or small, was blown up with powder and left a pile of ruin, while Leonard Dacres and Lord Hume hovered about at a safe distance, but did not dare to approach. At Jedburgh they were joined by Foster, whose track from the Cheviots had been marked by the same broad belt of desolation. The next day the whole body moved up the glen to Fernihurst. They found it deserted, the laird and his gay lady, the refugees, and the thousand border thieves who had nestled in its out-houses, being all flown or hiding among the cliffs which overhang the banks of the Jedd. With powder and pickaxe they 'rent and tore' the solid masonry, till not a man could find shelter from the rain among the ruins; and thence, still sparing nothing but the earth cabins of the poor, they advanced to Hawick. At Hawick the inhabitants, 'like unjust men' (so Hunsdon called them), had stripped the thatch from their houses, and had set it on fire in the street, so that the soldiers could not enter the town and were obliged to sleep 'uneasily'—they had no tents with them—in the open air. On Thursday morning they finished the work which the people had begun, by burning everything that was left; after which, while Foster was making an end of 'the towns and villages' adjoining, Sussex and Hunsdon, with two or three companies of horse, rode out to Brankholme to do vengeance on Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. The Scotts were so powerful that Brankholme had been a kind of sanctuary. They found it 'a very strong house well set with pleasant gardens and orchards about it well kept,' a little island of beauty in the surrounding black desolation. Buccleuch had anticipated the invaders by himself applying the torch, and 'the woodwork was burnt to their hand as cruelly as they could have burnt it themselves; but the place would still serve the purpose of a fortress; Sussex therefore laid powder barrels in the cellar, and of the present 'house' there are but a few fragments which survived that desolating visit.

"From Hawick the soldiers spread in parties about the country, converging back upon Jedburgh and Kelso, and thence at the end of the week they returned to Berwick, not a Scot having ventured a stroke to save his property."

Readers of English history will have met with much about a certain Leslie, Bishop of Ross, who made himself notorious in Elizabeth's reign. At first he knew not with what sort of men he had to deal. Looking upon Leicester as a libertine, and upon Burleigh as a crazy old man whom it would be easy to overreach, he entangled himself with the agents of Spain without the least scruple, and with far less caution than was needed. While Elizabeth was discussing questions of theology, or sporting and jesting with Leicester, couriers were passing to and fro between London, Brussels, and Madrid, bearing despatches in which her death, and the manner in which it was to be brought about, were dwelt upon with complacent frankness. Burleigh, however, did not, as they supposed, sleep all this while: like the old kings of Persia, he had his eyes everywhere—at Madrid with Philip, at Brussels with Alva, at Antwerp with Dr. Story, in every part of England with the Bishop of Ross. For awhile the sturdy Scot flattered himself he was undetected, and when partly found out took stand upon his diplomatic character, and refused to account for his actions to any one but his own mistress; but when he had committed himself beyond a certain point, Burleigh drew him up sharply, scattered to the winds his notions of immunities and privileges, and made him understand that, if he refused to be communicative, he might be made familiar with the rack and the hangman. His resolution or obstinacy then gave way. He confessed his own misdeeds; he divulged the fearful secrets of his mistress, acknowledged her to be an adulteress and a murderess, and was allowed to escape condign punishment. In the course of these investigations, revolting scenes are disclosed—scenes which make the blood curdle and the soul sick. What we have said will suffice to suggest to the reader how much instruction, conveyed in the ablest manner, he may expect to find in Mr. Froude's volumes, though it is impossible within the limits to which we are necessarily confined to convey even a faint idea of the whole. He has sometimes been accused of a leaning to High Church principles: let those who have been deluded into such a belief read the following passage:—

"Of all types of human beings who are generated by the English Reformation, men like Whitgift are the least interesting. There is something in the constitution of the Establishment which forces them into the administration of it; yet, but for the statesmen to whom they refused to listen, and the Puritans whom they endeavoured to destroy, the old religion would have come back upon the country like a returning tide. The Puritans would have furnished new martyrs; the statesmen, through good and evil, would have watched over liberty: but the High Church clergy would have slunk back into conformity, or dwindled to their proper insignificance. The country knew its interests, and their high-handed intolerance had to wait till more quiet times; but they came back to power when the chances of a Catholic revolution were buried in the wreck of the Armada; and they remained supreme till they had once more wearied the world with them, and brought a king and an archbishop to the scaffold."

Murders are always exciting; and in Elizabeth's reign they were as plentiful as blackberries—some projected, others accomplished. Burleigh, it is well known, died in his bed, at a good old age; but of the risks he ran during his career, the reader may, perhaps, like to see a specimen. The arch-villain on the present occasion is the Spanish ambassador, and the inferior agent is an Englishman:—

* History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth. By James Anthony Froude, M.A. Reign of Elizabeth. Vol. IV. London: Longmans & Co.

"One night in the autumn, Borghesi brought in Mather to his master, and the Ambassador receiving him as a Catholic gentleman who would sympathize in the general disappointment, began to talk of Scotland and the noblemen in the Tower, and Burghley and Burghley's policy. Burghley, he said, 'held the helm and did all in all;' and then with a glance at his guest exclaimed, 'Men must all die, and a noble death is better than a shameful life. Oh for some man of spirit who would kill that wretch and cut him in pieces!'"

"The fire was thus lighted, and Borghesi as Mather left the house threw fresh fuel upon it. 'It was a fine thing to die sword in hand,' he said; 'and if Burghley was taken away, all would go well.'"

The next step was to find an opportunity for the performance of this exalted act of Catholic piety:—

"Three times in the first week in January the assassins were lurking in the garden of Cecil House where Burghley was accustomed to walk. They observed his study window and the position of his head when he sat at work as a mark for a blunderbus. Horses were kept saddled on both sides of the Thames, and a boat lay ever ready at the stairs at Charing Cross. Yet day passed after day and Cecil still lived."

By degrees the ardour of the principal assassin cooled; he wrote to inform Cecil of his danger. He might have spared himself the trouble:—

"The warning brought no information to the intended victim. He had already discovered what he told him, for his own traitorous agent of the Marshalsea, Herle, had found his way among the confederates. They had a week in which they might have done their work, but they let it pass, and then it was too late. Cecil calmly watched them till he had the clue in his hands to all their proceedings; and then a company of the City Guard dropped upon the nest, and Mather, Berney, and their friends were transferred to the Tower dungeons."

From these examples of Mr. Froude's style and historical method, the reader will be able to form some estimate of the high pitch of the work, which exhibits everywhere indications of sustained power, and of a grasp and mastery over his subject equalled by few historians. Up to this point the interest is deep, but it deepens yet more in the years with which Mr. Froude has hereafter to deal, so that we shall look forward with feelings of curiosity and pleasure to the appearance of his future volumes.

LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE OF DR. WHATELY.*

ALL who can appreciate the genius and character of the late Archbishop of Dublin will welcome the appearance of these volumes, which have long been looked for from the pen of his gifted daughter. In a former number of this REVIEW (Sept. 10, 1864) we ventured to express a hope that some member of the Archbishop's family would expose the shallowness, impertinence, and incorrectness of Mr. Fitzpatrick's "Memoirs of Dr. Whately" by putting forth a faithful, accurate, and discriminating biography of one who held so conspicuous a place for more than a quarter of a century in the Irish and (we may add) the English Church as well. We have now the realization of this hope in the "Life and Correspondence" before us, which has been compiled with the utmost diligence and conscientiousness by Miss Jane Whately, the author of the well-known little work entitled "English Synonyms." She has adopted the best method perhaps for any biographer, certainly for one who is so nearly related to the subject, namely, that of letting her father interpret himself by letters, conversations, and fragments from his works and common-place books; while her own pen is employed on simply recording the successive events of the Archbishop's life, and, with the assistance of so able a co-operator as Mr. Herman Merivale, supplying the gaps left, and the elucidations required in literary and political history, by the correspondence. As is usually the case, it might have been well had some of the letters been omitted. Many of them are very long and tedious, and only traverse the same ground as Dr. Whately's well-known tracts and pamphlets and larger publications. Besides, letter-writing can hardly be said to have been a *forte* of the Archbishop's. Many of them read like condensed pamphlets or sketches for essays. There is a want of spontaneity and familiarity of personal feeling, of self-manifestation in them; in short, a lack of most of those characteristics which impart such a charm for example to the far shorter and more varied correspondence of his friend and contemporary, Dr. Arnold. Still, for those who were previously unacquainted with Dr. Whately's views on such subjects as the Irish Church, on transportation, on mixed education and the like, these prolix discussions, in the form of letters, may not be without interest or value. We do not mean to say, moreover, that these are not interspersed with a few containing excellent specimens of the Archbishop's lighter veins of humour, irony, and playfulness. We much wish that we had space to extract one of this kind, "to a clergyman who wrote to solicit for a parish," which we strongly recommend our readers to turn to in vol. i., p. 453. Nearly all, too, are distinguished by that wonderful felicity of illustration, which few intellects have possessed in an equal degree, and which occasionally caused their ingenious author to miss the depth of a subject in the clearness of the image under which he viewed it. On the whole, however, considering the peculiarities of Dr. Whately's mind and character were not such

as to come out most strongly in the form of letters, we obtain from these volumes a very true portrait of the man as he was—with all his rough power and unaffected goodness, his generous spirit and unattractive manners, his liberality of thought and dogmatism of expression, his thirst for approbation, and his neglect of the means to secure it. Seldom has so much sterling excellence co-existed with such eccentricity of mind and manner.

A few traits of his boyhood are given in these volumes, which show in a striking way how the boy was father of the man. Though anything but indisposed to sports, for he was a capital shot and an ardent fisherman, he became at a very early age fond of metaphysical speculations, building schemes for ameliorating the world, creating ideal republics and the like. His precocity and intellectual presumption in youth must have been formidable. "With regard to many theories of government, civilization, &c., he was accustomed to remark: 'I went through that when I was twelve; such a system I thought out when I was thirteen or fourteen!'" His school-life, like that perhaps of most original characters, was not a happy one; the true spring of his development he was to find in Oxford, under the excellent teaching and congenial converse of Copleston, then tutor at Oriel. The memory of Whately still lives in university common-rooms. His daughter tells of his rising habitually, when an undergraduate, at five o'clock, summer and winter, lighting his own fire, studying for a couple of hours, then sallying forth for an early walk and returning to chapel at eight. Old residents, we have heard, still talk of him when he had become a Fellow of his college—his first and most prized honour, and used to dazzle or delight the common-room with his paradoxes and arguments, "crammed," as his enemies used to say beforehand, or pour forth to pupils excellent lectures on logic or Thucydides stretched full length on his sofa in an atmosphere of tobacco-smoke. Perhaps it was a pity that he ever left the university of which he was such an ornament, and in which he found so much delight. Not but that he made an excellent parish priest at Halesworth, and did no small good later as Archbishop; but nature had framed him distinctively for a teacher. All his life long, in whatever station or place he found himself, he was teaching "in season and out of season." All his thoughts and acquirements seemed to shape themselves naturally into the form of "lectures" and "lessons." Always clear, methodical, precise, illustrative, he was never so much in his element as when he was indoctrinating some one or other with his views on metaphysical, social, or religious questions. For such a genius as this, Oxford, and not Dublin, with all its theological narrow-mindedness and social intolerance, still less any country parish, was the fitting home. During the short time he resided there as Principal of Alban Hall he wrought a wonderful change in the character and studies of the Hall, and his own mind was stimulated into its fullest energies by the intimate society of such spirits as Newman, Pusey, Keble, Arnold, Wilberforce, and Froude. It may interest many at this time to know that "it was during a visit paid by Keble to Halesworth that the manuscript poems which now form the 'Christian Year' were read by the writer to his host and hostess, who were among the earliest friends who suggested its publication." But Oxford was to lose a first-rate Professor and a zealous reformer at the time she much needed both; and while on a visit to Dr. Arnold (his correspondence with whom we deeply regret was never preserved), in 1831, the letter from Lord Grey reached him with the offer of the See of Dublin. Here his troubles began, and nothing can be more praiseworthy than the fulness and the candour with which Miss Whately describes the unpopularity and persecution of which her father was at this time so unworthily made the victim. The aristocracy dreaded his politics, hated his political economy, were shocked at his uncourtly manners and contempt of pomp, while they stood in awe of his sarcasms and jokes; the body of the Irish Protestants were horrified at his schemes for Church Reform, such, e.g., as that of making over all endowments to a board and providing alike for Roman Catholic priests and Protestant ministers. They suspected his indifference to "Irish Missions" and his cold reception of converts from Popery. Indeed, it might almost be said that the only friend he had at first in Ireland was the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Murray! When it is considered that Dr. Whately entered upon his arduous task in the teeth of every obstacle and difficulty that could confront him, no stronger proof of his sterling ability and goodness can be afforded than by the fact that in ten or fifteen years he had lived down all his unpopularity, was known and trusted and honoured for the sincerity of his convictions and the fairness of his patronage, and at his death was lamented deeply and universally by Roman Catholics almost as much as by Protestants.

The saying of the Archbishop's enemies, "that he had no heart," is sufficiently refuted by several facts mentioned in these volumes. That he possessed too little sympathy with persons and opinions different from his own is, on the contrary, an accusation that no one free from the venial prejudices of a daughter's affection will venture to deny. Neither can he be called, with truth, "a mighty thinker," or a man of profound learning and exact knowledge. What he saw, he saw with the most perfect clearness; but he rarely, if ever, saw all sides of a question himself, or even imagined that it presented other aspects to persons cast in a different mould to himself. For art, scenery, antiquities, travel, he appears to have had no taste whatever. Raphael's Madonnas he viewed only as "misrepresentations of Scripture." Como struck him as "very inferior to Killarney," and Milan Cathedral "as the most gigantic idolatrous temple that he ever saw." We might mention beside one or two serious defects, faintly indicated even by the loving pen

* Life and Correspondence of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin. By E. Jane Whately. Two vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

of the authoress in these volumes, that diminished the Archbishop's influence among some of the most earnest and devout of his clergy; but we prefer to leave the search after these to the few who will, we hope, care to make it. Enough is told of his pastoral activity, his profuse hospitality, his noble munificence, his purity in the distribution of patronage, his grand independence of action and thought, to make us ready to pass by almost any number of defects and imperfections. As an Irish Reformer we can ill afford to spare him. Some of the most interesting portions of this biography are those which contain the Archbishop's views on the remodelling of the Irish Church. Should this much-agitated question be eventually taken up by Government, few wiser or more practical schemes are likely to be broached in the House of Commons than some of those which are here seen to have originated in the candid and ingenious mind of Dr. Whately.

A BUNDLE OF LATIN VERSE.*

THE old question of the utility of Latin verse-writing has been re-opened in the *Times* during the past summer. It is not a question which we propose to discuss here; nor will it make the smallest difference, whichever way it be decided, as to the enjoyment that many scholars take both in the process and its results. Let us grant it to be one of the luxuries of scholarship; as a luxury, then, those who can may enjoy it, even though it be "caviare to the general." To some persons, Latin verse-making is an intellectual form of cigar-smoking—a solace for disturbed nerves, a recreation to while away tedious hours, or a gentle stimulant for the basking drowsiness of a summer holiday. And so, not a few verses come into being during long sermons (when smoking would be out of place), and a good many more are manufactured during railway journeys, as there is no bye-law of any company imposing a fine upon the process, and they are not unfrequently the friendly companions of a sleepless night, safer than reading in bed and less selfish than trampling about one's bedroom to the annoyance of others.

Every published volume of Latin-verse translations ought to be in a comfortable and luxurious shape, that the perusal of them may be as pleasant as possible. Not long ago, in criticising Dr. Holden's "*Folia Silvulae*" in the *LONDON REVIEW*, we pointed out a grave error in this respect—that the volume contained only the classical version, so that it was necessary to consult another volume, or couple of volumes, if one wished to refer to the original English. But in Dr. Holden's case there was a special reason, for we could hardly ask him to make his "*Folia Silvulae*" a reprint of his "*Foliorum Silvulae*," too.

We have before us now a smaller collection, entitled "*Fasciculus*," edited by Mr. Gidley and Dr. Thornton, containing specimens from their own pens, and others by Messrs. Baker and E. Walford. Mr. Gidley contributes the lion's share of the book, as his versions number more than forty; Dr. Thornton's being under twenty. It is a nice sized volume, on tinted paper, and contains the English versions on alternate pages, so that we have nothing to complain of in this respect. But tinted paper reminds us that we live in distinctly modern times; and when we get reflecting upon modernism in general, we find ourselves speculating as to the effects of the modern spirit on the making of Latin verses. There is no doubt that its influence is very discernible. Once upon a time, and that time not so very long ago, there was great strictness observed in this branch of composition. We were closely kept to models of the Augustan age; our Latinity was measured by this standard; the words which we employed were obliged to be words "of good authority;" the forms of expression which we used were to be purely classical.

These conditions were not easy; and they either necessitated the selection of pieces of poetry which could easily be put into a classical dress, or they required the possession of that refinement of scholarship which could transmute expressions that belonged exclusively to the genius of one language into its perfect equivalent in the other. This latter is a gift which the gods give sparingly.

In turning over the pages of the "*Fasciculus*," we are struck by the fact that many of the English passages seem selected without regard to their adaptability to classical idiom, and we find, in consequence, that a considerable license is claimed by the translators, or at any rate is enjoyed by them, in their Latin versions. We should call them, very distinctly, modern Latin compositions. There is no doubt that a rendering from Robert Browning, or Edgar Poe, or Tennyson, often taxes to the utmost the ingenuity of the scholar; still, we cannot help thinking, that for the perfection of translation this difficulty ought not to be made apparent in the Latin. We will give an instance in the translation from Tennyson's "Farewell," by Mr. Gidley:—

"But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee
For ever and for ever."

"Hic suspirabit semper, quam diligis, alnus;
Horrescet semper populus alba tibi:
Murmur apis semper circum te leve ciebit,
Quæ de flore novo dulcia mella legit."

We italicize the last line, because it has no business whatever in the text. It might be found in any Gradus, and has no counterpart in the English. Perhaps Mr. Gidley will say—"Yes, but I exhausted the 'For Ever and for Ever' in my triple repetition of *semper*." But that is just what we complain of, Mr. Gidley; it is this open confession of an insuperable difficulty which spoils our pleasure. Here is Dr. Kennedy's version of the same stanza from the "*Sabrinae Corolla*":—

"Hic tuæ custos gemet alnus ora,
Populus molli tremet icta vento;
Hic apis nullo tibi murmurare
Desinet anno;"

where the difficulty is surmounted without a visible effort. Nor do we think it is hypercritical to remark a tendency to the use of later Latin words. We collect from Mr. Gidley's translation from "*Comus*" (p. 44) the words "*salutat*; *rotatu*; *numerosa* (in the sense of 'numerous'); *striati*; *perpetrantur*," of which we seriously doubt the "authority." Where there is no especial pressure caused by the difficulty of the original, these questionable words are better avoided by the imitator of pure classical models. Yet we frankly admit that there are expressions in modern English poetry which may make the versifier quake. Glaucus, in Keats' "*Endymion*," speaks of a waterspout

"— seeming ready ripe
To burst with hoarsest thunders, and wipe
My life away like a vast sponge of fate!"

This is Keatsian to a fault; but the following is hardly Latin to a nicety:—

"— videretur sese prorumpere promptus
Cum raucis tonitru, vastaque voragine vitam
Delevisse meam turgens, ceu spongia fati!"

To take a very different specimen, we quote from Robert Browning's "*Home Thoughts from Abroad*":—

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there;
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England now!"

And we subjoin Dr. Thornton's neat version of the stanza:—

"O qui mea me sistat in Anglia
Qua nunc Aprilis floret amabilis!
Quicumque nam felix ibidem
Prospiciat loca mane surgens,
Repente cernit crescere silvas
Ulmis stolonum, et fronde vigescere,
Fringilla dum cantat proterva
Quæ sedet in viridante malo."

Here, again, the use of the word *stolonum* carries us to the writings of Varro: appropriate as it may be, it is one of those words that are technical rather than poetical. Mr. Gidley's translation of Edgar Poe's wonderful story of "*The Raven*" is very ingenious as an *ἀγώνισμα*. It may be questioned, however, whether the weird charm of the original does not mainly consist in the cadence and the choice of vowel sounds (as Poe himself pretends to confess in his "*Genesis of the Raven*"), and this peculiar fascination necessarily evaporates in the process of translation; still there is a full appreciation evident of the covert humour of the poem, as the following fragment will show:—

"Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore."

"Nonnihil deliniebat cor meum iste ales niger,
Fronte, ceu Catoniana, tetrica me contuens."

Among the most graceful hexameters in the volume are from Keats's description of Latmos (p. 54), "*Paths there were many*," &c.

"Callis per filicem ducens, et arundine cinctus
Plurimus est illic, hederis et consitus agger:
Semita ubique frequens ad pratam tendit apertam,
Qua videas, inter confertos undique truncos,
Silvæ ramorum graciles frondescere flexus:
Suavis ibi species quam sit gratissima cœli
Cincta cacuminibus nemorum, quis dicere possit?
Transit ibi pennis commotis sæpe palumbes,
Sæpe et cœruleum peragrans nubecula cœlum."

But no version seems to us more elegant than Mr. Walford's rendering from Cowper's lines "*To a Friend*." We must find space for one stanza which is given with beautiful simplicity—

"And if a tear, that speaks regret
Of happier times, appear,
A glimpse of joy that we have met
Shall shine and dry the tear."

"Quod si dolenti gutta subiverit
Feliciores quæ revocet dies,
Jucunda te viso recurret
Lux animo, lacrymasque pellet."

Our readers will gather that the contents of this little volume are unequal. We think that it shows the danger of too great

* *Fasciculus*. Ediderunt L. Gidley et R. Thornton. Lond. et Oxon.: J. Parker et Soc.

ambition. Professor Person is said to have rendered a proposition of Euclid into Greek Iambics, and Mr. T. S. Evans, in the "Sabrinæ Corolla," has shown us that an inimitable translation can be made of Tennyson's "Brook," but when a translator selects for his exercise a passage in English which transcends ordinary powers, we suppose it must be said of him—

"Ceratis ope Dædalea
Nititur pennis."

Upon the choice of appropriate metres, every one must have his own notions. We should not say that in every case the best has been selected here; but, then, it is always easier to criticize the plan of a campaign than to prove how it would have been better conducted. But we are not ungrateful for a book which will be a pleasant evening companion now that fireside days are coming on so fast.

Those who delight in the rhyming measures of mediæval Latin hymns will take an especial interest in the Appendix, which contains several specimens of this class rendered with a good deal of spirit. As a sample, we cannot do better than quote Dr. Thornton's translation from the well-known hymn, "When I survey the wondrous Cross":—

"Mira Crucis dum contemtor Rex qua pendet gloria,
Lucrum omne damnum duco, illudo superbise.

Absit, absit gloriari, nisi in morte Domini,
Nihil est quod non postponam Redemptoris sanguini.

Defuit ex fronte sacra, perforatis manibus,
Mixtus amor cum dolore, defuit ex pedibus.

Mixtus amor cum dolore quando tantus adfuit?
Et coronam tam regalem quando spina præbuit?

Mandum si donare possim, parvum id appareat,
Mirus amor tam divinus memet totum postulat."

AFLOAT AND ASHORE.*

"On promotion from Commandant to Major-General, Sir S. B. Ellis lost his good-service pension, and suffered other reductions in his income." That is how the country rewarded a man who had served her faithfully by land and sea for nearly forty years. He was with Calder's fleet off Ferrol, fought at Trafalgar, and served all through the "opium" war of 1840-42; yet he met with scarcely a mishap until after he had retired from the more active duties of his profession. While at Chatham, he hired a fly to take him for a ride, during which a lash from the driver's whip deprived him of the sight of one eye. Many a mariner sails round the world in safety, only to be wrecked within sight of home.

General Ellis was intended for a lawyer, and actually served one year of his time with an attorney; but, being of a restless, active temperament, he exchanged Themis for Mars, or, in plainer words, got a commission in the Royal Marines. They were stirring times when he joined his corps. In 1804, Buonaparte had just assumed the title of Emperor, and Pitt had organized against him a coalition between Russia, Sweden, Austria, and Naples. Fortunately, Sir Robert Calder frightened away one division of the French fleet, and no one requires to be told what Nelson did with the rest at Trafalgar. Lieutenant Ellis served on board the *Ajax*, and this is what he saw and heard:—

"As we neared the French fleet, I was sent below with orders, and was much struck with the preparations made by the blue-jackets, the majority of whom were stripped to the waist, a handkerchief was bound tightly round their heads and over the ears, to deaden the noise of the cannon, many men being deaf for days after an action. The men were variously occupied: some were sharpening their cutlasses, others polishing the guns, as though an inspection were about to take place instead of a mortal combat, whilst three or four, as if in mere bravado, were dancing a hornpipe; but all seemed deeply anxious to come to close quarters with the enemy. Occasionally they would look out of the ports, and speculate as to the various ships of the enemy, many of which had been on former occasions engaged by our vessels.

"It was at this time that Nelson's famous signal, 'England expects every man to do his duty,' was hoisted at the mast head of the Admiral's ship. These words were requested to be delivered to the men, and I was desired to inform those on the main-deck of the Admiral's signal. Upon acquainting one of the quartermasters of the order, he assembled the men with 'Avast there, lads, come and hear the Admiral's words.' When the men were mustered, I delivered, with becoming dignity, the sentence,—rather anticipating that the effect on the men would be to awe them by its grandeur. Jack, however, did not appreciate it, for there were murmurs from some, whilst others in an audible whisper muttered, 'Do our duty! Of course we'll do our duty. I've always done mine, haven't you? Let us come alongside of 'em, and we'll soon show whether we will do our duty.'"

Our marine officer was kept pretty actively employed so long as the war lasted, and he is careful to tell us how he weighed anchor here, and hove-to there—how his ship cruised in one place and captured a prize in another; but of that personal interest which gives life and value to a diary, there is scarcely a single instance

throughout the volume. Friendly editors forget that the dry details so interesting to them may not have the least attraction for others, and that, of all incompetent persons for editing diaries, and reminiscences, and autobiographies, and similar works, the most incompetent are near relations. A stranger would have sought to supplement the baldness of this volume by extracts from Sir S. B. Ellis's private letters, for surely he must have written many during his forty-years' service, and it would be strange if they did not contain that very element of personal experience in which this volume is so deficient. Look, for instance, at the account of Trafalgar we have given above; and yet that is all the young marine officer has to tell of one of the greatest naval battles ever fought.

On the outbreak of the American war in 1814, Lieutenant Ellis saw much variety in cutting out and chasing coasting-vessels—a paltry warfare—along the coast of the United States. Once the *Pomona* had a very narrow escape. She and the *Endymion* had been chasing an American frigate; but the *Endymion* was soon nowhere, and the *Pomona* had it all to herself. After receiving three broadsides, the stranger struck her flag, and Mr. Ellis boarded her in company with the first lieutenant. The prize turned out to be the United States frigate *President*, mounting fifty-four guns. When Commander Decatur inquired the name of the ship to whose captain he had surrendered, and was told it was the *Pomona*, he exclaimed—"The *Pomona*! I thought it was the *Majestic*. I could have sunk you in five minutes." Such a mistake, however acceptable to the conquerors, does not say much for the acuteness of the United States' officer. The deck of the American frigate was a strange sight: there were guns bearing the familiar names of Nelson, Nile, Trafalgar, and so on, just as if she had been manned by Englishmen. When the *President* surrendered fifty seamen threw themselves overboard; they were British subjects who preferred death by drowning to the more ignominious fate that would have befallen them for fighting against their country. On the conclusion of hostilities, Lieutenant Ellis returned home; and while recruiting at Salisbury was instrumental in saving that city from the hands of the mob. His brief modest notice of his services shows what a change has taken place in the behaviour of the lower orders. It was during all the mad excitement of Queen Caroline's trial that the mob determined to compel the citizens to illuminate their houses. As an old Tory city, the more respectable of the inhabitants refused to do so, and the mob amused themselves by breaking windows and smashing in doors. They had broken into the guildhall, and were threatening to murder the magistrates, when Lieutenant Ellis, with the united recruiting parties, appeared on the scene, and prevented further violence. In 1820, and for many a year after, the English mob was as daring and violent as any in Europe: it consisted not only of the "dangerous classes," the roughs, but of the working-classes; while now, in consequence of reforms and improvements which we need not stay to recapitulate, a mob is composed of the "dangerous classes" only, and is therefore less formidable and more easily dealt with. Formerly, shopkeepers, and even gentlemen, were often to be found heading the unruly assemblages which used to parade the streets of our provincial towns, threatening summary justice on all who did not hang out banners, or stick candles in their windows, at any time of popular excitement.

In 1837, Mr. Ellis, now Captain, embarked for the East Indies, and witnessed the now obsolete saturnalia in which seamen indulged on crossing the line. From England to China, from China to India, then to Persia, and then back again to China, always active, always cheerful, Captain Ellis showed himself the model of a true English soldier. When at Bushire, he chanced to pass one of the large tents fitted up for the performance of the Moharren. The chanting of the Mollah had so powerfully wrought upon the feelings of his bearded audience, that many of them sobbed aloud. In some of these mournful assemblies, as Captain Ellis was informed, it is the custom of the priest to go about to each person, at the height of his grief, with a piece of cotton in his hand, with which he carefully collects the falling tears, and then squeezes the moisture into a bottle, preserving them with the greatest care. Superstitious Persians believe that in the agony of death, when all medicines have failed, a drop of the tears so collected, put into the mouth of a dying man, has been known to revive him. This is putting "tears into a bottle" with a purpose!

Two-thirds of the volume are filled with a day-to-day narration of the first Chinese war. We have been told so much of China by "Our Own Correspondent," that even the Captain's earlier narrative adds nothing to our information. His adventures at Ningpo may be taken as a fair sample of all the rest. That important city was entered by our forces under a storm of—not balls, but pitiless, pelting rain. After posting guards and sentinels, the captain sought refuge in a joss-house, where the hideous images looked frowningly upon the intruding stranger. But it was as damp as the grave, and not a place to pass the night. Presently he caught sight of two monklike persons sneaking about with lanterns. He gave chase, but they were too quick for him, and escaped into a remote part of the building, barring the door behind. The guard was called up, and the butt-end of a musket, well applied, soon led to a parley from the inside, when the door was opened by a mouse-tailed priest, who civilly invited the foreign devils to enter, when hot tea, stewed fowls, and other delicacies, were supplied in abundance. The English reciprocated the Chinaman's hospitality (although it was rather churlish at first), and under the influence of the liquid contents of their canteens the Chinese friar soon became as jovial as the Clerk of Copmanhurst. We wish the Captain had

* Memoirs and Services of the late Lieutenant-General Sir S. B. Ellis, K.C.B., Royal Marines. From his own Memoranda. Edited by Lady Ellis. London: Saunders, Otley, & Co.

given us the Chinese version of "Trowl, trowl, the bonny brown bowl."

We close Sir S. B. Ellis's book with sincere respect for his merits as a soldier, but with a very poor opinion of his literary abilities. As a record of his services, the work may be valuable to his friends, but we doubt if it will ever be read either for information or instruction.

A PRODIGY: A TALE OF MUSIC.*

THE author of the "Prodigy," by calling his novel a tale of music, evinces a good deal of discretion in appealing to a class amongst whom he is most likely to find the bulk of his readers. The book in design and style bears so close a resemblance to the plot and libretto of a second-rate English opera, that those who can get into ecstasies over the trials and troubles of the prima donna, and feast upon the mildest flights of Mr. Fitzball's blank verse, are sure to welcome it. It is unnecessary to surmise how other readers will receive it.

The Prodigy, Charles Einstern, is a musical genius, and the third and youngest son of the Baroness Einstern, a lady who offers a strange exemplification of the powers of love and hatred. Upon the Prodigy she bestows all her affection, whilst her eldest son, whose birth unfortunately preceded her marriage, is met with a hatred and cruelty which drives him from his father's house and makes him a very pest of society, and one of the most unpleasant operatic or fiction villains that one could possibly meet with. The Baroness, upon the death of her husband, comes to England, inviting herself to the house of Mrs. Galatea Whitelamb, her cousin, a lady who is intended as a copy of Mrs. Gamp, who but signally fails to realize the author's expectations. The Baroness contracts a second marriage with a wealthy mill-owner, who adopts her son Justin, but entertains so violent a dislike to the Prodigy, that he forbids him his house, and sends him abroad to school.

The Prodigy forms a school friendship with a youth named Becker, who, in addition to having a sister inclined to be flighty, and an uncle who is a raving lunatic, is himself next door to being an idiot. Becker gets drowned, and the Prodigy makes it the business of his life to save Becker's sister from the ballet, for which a villainous old aunt had designed her. For a time he fails in his attempts to find the girl, and only discovers her when he has attained a brilliant position in music, and has so far secured the affections of his patroness, a Russian princess, that she is upon the point of offering to marry him. At this stage the eldest son, Adelbert, appears in the person of Zugaglio, the princess's secretary, and arranges that the Prodigy and Becker's sister should meet, fall into each other's arms, and rush off to get married. Prodigy, immediately after his marriage, doubts whether he can love his wife; and in a little time he satisfies himself "that he cannot, however long might be the life they might be doomed to pass together." He then thinks how Becker would have been disappointed, but consoles himself with the reflection "that it may have been as well that he is gone," although, like the Irish mourner, he cannot restrain himself from occasionally blaming Becker for dying. However, not to be without an object in life, he takes up a little ragged boy and makes him his secretary, "in the hope that there should be something for him again really to attach himself to,"—a design not a little remarkable in a newly married man. Adelbert next appears in England as a quack doctor; and after he has, by repeated anonymous letters, deprived his mother of her husband's affections, and has removed the husband himself from the world by a mixture of zinc and champagne, a combination with which we are here made acquainted for the first time, and hope never to hear of again, he doses the Prodigy's wife out of her senses. The Prodigy then wanders about Europe in a state of unenviable melancholy, having "grey hairs upon his head and heart;" but notwithstanding the unpleasant form of the disease, he is about to return to England a widower, and marry a little Quakeress, of whom he was enamoured in the first pages of the novel.

If novel writers will carry their readers into the best society, it is to be regretted that they do not learn something about it, and give their experiences rather than their conceptions. The author of the "Prodigy" thinks a peer necessary to his plot, and he straightway proceeds to convert a respectable country miller into a member of the Upper House, and this without the remotest reason for the change. He also favours us with the hostess of a London drawing-room of that good society in which "the requisite murmur passes for an answer," doing the duty of an ordinary policeman and crying to her guests, "How late you are, duchess! Pray pass on, like a darling. Major Kentucky Brown. Ha! No time to speak to you. Go on, will you? Kitty, dear, I see you! . . . Come, be quiet, be quiet, good folk. . . . Silence I must have." "Major Kentucky Brown, you have looked your last at my drawing-room, I can tell you." With such a hostess we are not surprised to find among the themes handed in by the guests from which the starring pianist was to improvise, such suggestions as "The history of music," or Major Kentucky Brown's request, "Give us your opinion on the comparative advantages of married and single life." We fancy that Major Kentucky Brown is the type of an American seen much more frequently upon the London stage than in London society. Had the author trusted to the dispositions with which he endeavours to clothe his characters, he would have found in them

sufficient materials to bring about the results which he achieves by other means; but, instead of this, he drags in the villain upon all occasions, and makes him do everything. At the very outset we have him shamming being drowned, then he is the fiend who urges the Prodigy to run off with Becker's sister, and after a little he turns up as a foreign physician, clad in sable garments, the wonder of a London drawing-room, and doses Lord Caldermere out of his life for a fee of £1,000, and a legacy of £50,000. This is, however, but an instance of the wearisome staginess of the whole book. We are favoured with a description of an hostess at an hotel, which seems to have been borrowed from the costume directions of a Christmas pantomime. "She was a respectable fiery woman, with a bill like that of a flamingo in the centre of her face, and a succinct wig clamped to her head with black velvet ribbon." There is also a constant repetition of small jokes, well enough when brightened by the footlights, and assisted by the grimace of the clown, but sad in the extreme when trusted to an independent position in print. We envy the joyous temperament of the reader who can find much to laugh at in the reiterated statement that "Miss Mina Tweise is a true-souled girl," or the equally numerous fears of Mrs. Whitelamb as to what Ann Hogg would say, or Mr. Smalleg would think. One of the characters, Colonel Vandaleur, begins life decently enough, but soon degenerates into the stage uncle of two chairs, the story of "some eighteen years since," and a liberal use of the expressions "Gad, sir; Gad, my boy." Even the ending of the tale is an unmistakable drop scene, with "a crescent moon creeping out, and making a fair thread on the water."

RICHMOND.*

WE have to thank Mr. Crisp for a pleasing volume upon a subject with which few Londoners can fail to desire more acquaintance than the generality possess, and upon which Mr. Crisp may be regarded as an authority, both from the love with which he has investigated it and the length of time and the ability of which his volume is an evidence. It has been a passion with him from his boyhood to utilize whatever opportunity presented itself of gathering information touching the antiquities and recent reminiscences of Richmond; and in doing this he has availed himself, as well of the works of our old chroniclers and others, as of such information as he could obtain in conversation with old inhabitants of the place, whose recollections have enabled him to preserve facts which otherwise might have passed away. The interest of the subject was worthy of the labour he has expended upon it, and his volume will be an agreeable companion to those who may prize Richmond not only for its living beauty, but for the memories that cling to it.

The name Richmond is comparatively modern. It was given by Henry VII. for no better reason than because he was Earl of Richmond. Its older Saxon name of Schene, or Sheene, meaning something that is bright or splendid, shows that in those days its singular beauty was appreciated. So early as 1125 it was the site of a royal residence, Henry I. having had a house there. From him both house and manor passed into the hands of Michael Belet, and Schene was not again the abode of royalty till the latter part of the reign of Edward I., who lived at the palace there, as did the second and third Edwards. Edward III. died there, and the palace of Schene became the abode of his grandson and successor, Richard II., who, after his marriage with Anne of Bohemia, made extensive alterations and additions to it, which the poet Chaucer was appointed by the king to superintend as clerk of the works. Here Richard lost his queen and contributed, by a profuse extravagance, to alienate the affections of his subjects. From the death of Anne the palace fell into decay, till under Henry V. it again became a royal residence, after whose reign we hear little of it till Henry VII. rebuilt and renamed it. Mr. Crisp quotes from an old MS. in the College of Arms an account of certain festivities and amusements which took place on the green in front of the palace on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Arthur with the Princess Katharine of Arragon, from which we see that even the feats of Blondin are not an exception to the rule that there is nothing new under the sun:—

"Upon the outside of the walls, directly under the windows (of the palace) were bars and void spaces for jousts, also there were raised and set up two high and great posts, these posts first set and driven into the ground; over the crosses was a great cable stretched steadfastly, and drawn with a wheel, and stayed upon both the sides with divers cords, so that the sight of it was like unto the ridging of an house; upon this frame and cable ascended and went up a Spaniard, the which showed there many wonders and delicious points of tumbling and dancing, and other sleights. First he went up into the frame, and a certain stay in his hand, to the number of forty feet, somewhat aslope, and, when he came to this height, left his stay, and went upon the cable, sometimes upon pattens, sometimes with tennis balls, sometimes with fetters of iron, leaping many leaps upon the said cable, both forwards and backwards, as he played sometimes with a sword and buckler, oftsoon he cast himself suddenly from the rope, and hung with his toes, sometimes with the teeth, most marvellously, and with the greatest sleight and cunning that any man could possibly exercise or do; after these, long beholding, with other goodly disports, the king's grace and noble company entered again thro' these pleasant gardens of his lodging in Richmond unto Evensong, and so on unto his supper."

* A Prodigy: a Tale of Music. By the Author of "Modern German Music," "Rocabello," &c. &c. Three vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

* Richmond and its Inhabitants from the Olden Time. With Memoirs and Notes. By Richard Crisp. Richmond: Hiseoke & Sons, Castle-terrace; and J. T. Cook, Hill-street.

After the death of Henry, the palace became the residence of his son, till Wolsey completed his palace at Hampton Court, and averted the consequences of the king's jealousy of its superior splendour over that of Richmond by telling him that he had, from the first, intended it for his Majesty, and requesting his acceptance of it. The King transferred his affections to the new palace, and when he divorced Anne of Cleves, he gave her Richmond for her life, with £3,000 per annum, and several other manors. Anne probably thought these no bad exchange for such a husband as Henry, for after his marriage with Katharine Howard, she not only entertained him there with such cheerfulness and good humour as charmed him, but she on several occasions visited him and his new wife at Hampton Court. Scandal busied itself with their friendship, and it was even rumoured that the Lady Anne of Cleves had given birth at Richmond to "a fair boy," of which it was reported his Majesty was the putative father.

Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, in their turn, resided at Richmond, and it was in the chapel of the palace that Budd, Bishop of St. David's, in a sermon preached before Queen Bess, was rash enough, in alluding to the infirmities which age visited upon all alike, to say "that time had even furrowed her Majesty's face, and besprinkled her hair with its meal;" an assertion all the more dangerous because it was true. "The bishop might have kept his arithmetic to himself," said the Queen, adding that "the greatest clerks were not always the wisest of men." The bishop, however, could not keep his arithmetic to himself, for on the 24th of March, 1603, Elizabeth died at Richmond, in an apartment, says tradition, over the old gateway, which is still remaining to us as a relic of the "ancient house": Lady Scrope's brother watching beneath the window for the descent of the sapphire ring, which her ladyship, who was present at the Queen's death, was to drop as the signal for his despatch to Scotland to convey the first intelligence of the good news to James.

James and his queen occasionally resided at the palace, as did Charles, when he had ascended the throne; and it was here that the lovely and lively Duchess de Chevreuse, a few days after she had given birth to a son, satisfied the astonished villagers that she was as well as could be expected by swimming across the river one warm summer's evening. During Charles's reign Richmond was fast becoming a favourite place of residence for the nobility and gentry. After his death it was not long before it fell into a state of complete decay; and on its site arose a new order of buildings, about which and their occupants Mr. Crisp has many pleasant chapters.

Apart from the local interest of books of this kind, they have an historical value, inasmuch as they give us an insight into the domestic manners of the times of which they treat. They help to form the flesh and blood of which the manuals of history give us only the bones. And when they are compiled with the judgment Mr. Crisp has shown, they are as readable as a novel—that is to say, as a good novel.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

A VARIED and attractive table of contents is presented by the *Edinburgh*. The first article is on Mr. Kaye's "History of the Sepoy War" and Mr. Raikes's "Notes on the Revolt in the North-Western Provinces of India." Of course the chief subject of criticism is Mr. Kaye's work, which the reviewer describes as "important and deeply interesting," and as "written with much vigour and ability," but from the main purport of which he dissents. In the opinion of Mr. Kaye, the mutiny of 1857-8 was the result of civil misgovernment; in that of the reviewer, it was simply the outbreak of a pampered and over-trusted soldiery, or, at least, the explosion was "limited, in the first instance, to the ranks of the Sepoy army, from which the conflagration spread, when the first outbreak seemed to promise success, to the disaffected of every grade, to the rabble of the large bazaars, to the convicts whom they let loose, to the Goojurs and other half-reclaimed tribes of freebooters, and, lastly, to a considerable number of ambitious or fanatic Mahomedans, who deemed that the happy opportunity had come, through the internecine strife of two bodies of infidels, for the re-establishment of their ancient and only legitimate dominion." This, we cannot but think, is a very considerable admission of the truth of Mr. Kaye's view; for so many different classes of the population are included among the disaffected as to give their concerted action not a little of the appearance of a national movement. The reviewer, however, goes at considerable length into the history of the unhappy period in question, in disproof of the historian's theory, and concludes by recommending that we should largely reduce the native army, in order to curb the military spirit of the people. On this we will simply remark that a country, the populace of which we dare not arm, can hardly be very well affected towards our rule. The paper on "Varieties of History and Art" is an essay founded on a work of M. Feuille de Conches—"Causeries d'un Curieux." The article is too miscellaneous and discursive for analysis, but it is full of odd and amusing matter. "International Coinage" is the title of an article which, though brief, is important. It describes certain changes which have been effected since 1860 in the monetary legislation of several foreign countries, especially in the West of Europe, and which have resulted in the establishment on the Continent of a species of monetary union, having France for its centre. The writer hopes to see this arrangement extend itself, and suggests that England should make an effort to assimilate her gold currency

with that of Western Europe. The review of the Emperor Napoleon's "Histoire de Jules César" is introduced by a very candid confession, the critic observing that, as the book has already been so widely and variously criticised, he "can do little more than repeat and combine what others have observed before," and adding, "We have little, either of information or entertainment, to promise our readers." After this, it is difficult to refrain from asking why the article appears at all, or why it was not written earlier. "Felix Holt" is very favourably reviewed, and so is Mr. Froude's "History of England." The moral of the article on "Strauss, Renan, and 'Ecce Homo'" is that the two German and French writers are very bad guides to religious truth, but that the English author has discovered "a new method" in the treatment of the problems of Christianity, and has helped to reconcile reason and faith. "Antique Gems" is a very agreeable paper on a charming subject; and from this light and attractive matter we pass somewhat unwillingly to the final article—that on "The Military Growth of Prussia"—in which, after an historical summary, we read some gloomy vaticinations as to the predominance of great military empires in Europe, and the probable designs of Count Bismarck:—

"It may be that those have truth on their side who say that Bismarck is but an instrument for working out the longed-for unity of the German race: and that his task once done, the Minister, with the Monarch he guides, will sink into secondary positions before the progress of Constitutional Government. We confess that we are not so sanguine. It is too early by far to attempt to foretell the end of this mighty drama; but there are signs, in the threat lately hurled at peaceful Belgium; in the dark allusions to the opening Eastern question; in the demand for funds in hand against some new war foreseen yet not plainly spoken of, which may well make the greatest lover of the doctrine of nationalities doubt whether the new empire—founded as it was, and built up on Slavonic spoils—will of necessity stay its bounds where the German tongue ceases to be spoken. We have endeavoured in the preceding pages to trace the historical growth of the military power of Prussia, and to describe the present condition of the military institutions which have suddenly conferred upon her an indisputable supremacy in Germany, and one of the foremost political positions in Europe: and we have done no injustice to the patriotism of her princes, her statesmen, and the valour of her armies. But the triumphant success of a great military conspiracy against the existence of her own confederates and allies, who were ill-prepared for so fierce a contest, and the political results to Northern Germany, although in themselves advantageous, cannot efface the recollection of the scandalous duplicity and falsehood, on the part of the Prussian Court, which marked every stage of the late transactions, or of the mysterious and clandestine understanding which procured the neutrality of France. The unchecked success of Prussia in this enterprise has given an irreparable blow to political morality; it has shaken all trust in those public engagements on which the peace of the world depends; it has taught mankind once more the cruel lesson that strength alone, and not law, can give them security; it has placed all the smaller States of continental Europe at the mercy of three or four colossal empires; and it has compelled even these empires to augment their immense military establishments, and to press their whole adult male population into the ranks of their armies. Great indeed must be the advantages and political results of the new system to be established by the Prussian arms, which can compensate mankind for these positive evils."

"Ancient Literature of France" is the title of an interesting antiquarian paper which opens the *Quarterly*. It contains an account of the old ballads and heroic poems of the troubadours and trouvères, relating the achievements of Roland, and Oliver, and the other companions of Charlemagne, and giving several specimens of the fine old, clangorous, martial writing itself. "Dr. Badham and the Dutch School of Criticism" is a learned, but necessarily rather heavy, article on the labours of Dutch scholars, from the revival of learning to the present time, and on those of our fellow-countryman, Dr. Badham, for the elucidation of ancient Greek texts. The writer of this article, remarking on the corrupt state in which most of the classical authors have come down to us, says that even the original manuscripts might not always give correct readings, as it is well known to the initiated that the so-called "errors of the press" in modern books are often (of course not always) errors of the author—"errors of the head, the eye, the hand—from the thought of the coming phrase outrunning the writing of the last, the leaving the hand to finish a word from which the attention has passed on to the next, the mental confusion of sound, even in the silence of the study." We believe this to be most true, and nothing more than justice to "those deserving fellow-workers of the author," the printers. In the next article, "Homes without Hands," we have a very good summary of the facts contained in the Rev. Mr. Wood's work bearing the same title, and in Mr. James Rennie's "Insect Architecture." The paper on the "Life of Our Lord" is based on the works of Strauss, and of other modern German and French critics (chiefly the former), and towards the conclusion we find this strangely hesitating passage:—

"After all the waves of criticism shall have passed over us, we feel that this will remain, which criticism has not shaken,—the admiration for the moral perfection of Jesus the Son of God. The person of Christ, as Schaff has well said, is 'the miracle of history.' The question about miracles can afford to wait. Men are jealous of interference with the laws of science. Be it so. Science makes the mistake of confounding the new with the impossible. In a world of minerals the first plant would be miraculous; in a world of plants the first moving animal. Did an image of God's perfection make

known to men His divine presence in Palestine long ago? Then He, rather than any one act of His, is the miracle which supersedes the laws that govern lower natures. It is hard to believe that Jesus rose from the dead; it is harder to believe that He said with all His heart, 'I am come to seek and to save that which is lost.' . . . 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He Himself is more surprising than all that He appears to have wrought of mastery over material laws."

Mr. Fergusson's "History of Architecture" gives occasion for a most excellent essay on the subject, tracing the progress of architecture from the ancient Hindu and Egyptian forms through the Greek, Roman, and Byzantine, down to the later Gothic, and the still more modern Renaissance. The article is profusely and charmingly illustrated with woodcuts from the original work, and is altogether exceedingly attractive. While amply acknowledging the beauty and (within its appointed range) the perfection of Greek architecture, the reviewer has something to say in commendation of that of Rome, which may, perhaps, surprise those who are accustomed to regard Roman art as a mere deterioration or vulgar corruption of that which had prevailed among the Hellenes:—

"The contributions of the Roman to architecture are well defined, and it must be admitted that he bequeathed a magnificent legacy to his successors. The Greek was a pure artist. In construction he discovered nothing, and was content with the primitive plan of a cross-bar laid upon upright posts for his elevation, and a triangle for his roof. The Roman, on the contrary, was an indifferent artist, but he was a first-rate constructor. His region was the arch, the dome, and the vault; and he used them with a rare originality and power. His domes and intersecting vaults were glorious feats of mechanical skill, and there is little in the constructive marvels of the mediæval builders which was not either actually anticipated by the Romans, or was an easy deduction from the principles they had established. Their architecture was immeasurably more prolific of results than the architecture of Greece. The Greeks perfected a single rigid form, which would be intolerably monotonous when often repeated, and which was not suited to the growing demands of the world. The contrivances of the Romans were equal to every exigency, and admitted of infinite modifications and developments. The stereotyped temple could not contend with the fertile, plastic devices which could be applied to all shapes curved or straight, and adapted to all edifices, public or private, secular or religious, low or lofty, great or small. In mere beauty of design the Roman was sometimes eminently successful. His domes are grand, and by such elevations as the Colosseum he taught modern Europe the way to bestow expression, dignity, and elegance, upon her storied civil buildings. His taste, however, was fustian at best; and he seldom got through his task without perpetrating some offensive solecism or marring the whole by some glaring inequality in the parts. He would have committed fewer faults if he had not been encumbered with the Greek façades which were outside his system, and which he failed to incorporate with it. He was fast emancipating himself from the thralldom when art declined with the Empire, and stopped him in his career."

"Central Asia" is an article partly geographical, partly historical, and still more political, in which the designs of Russia are considered, but in a very comforting spirit. "Let Russia," says the reviewer, "pursue her policy of aggrandisement—or, as her admirers term it, of civilization and commercial activity—in Central Asia. She will meet with some successes and some reverses. Let us have neither part nor parcel in her proceedings, but reserve an entire liberty of action in reference to our future conduct. England has already gone through the first or aggressive phase in her Eastern policy. She is now strictly conservative, and intent on the improvement of what she already possesses; but we think we may say that she is also fully alive to the gravity of the Eastern question in all its bearings, and that she would not hesitate again to take up arms, if her rights or interests were seriously menaced, either in Turkey, or in Egypt, or in Central Asia." The Anglo-Indian press is condemned for its virulent attacks on the non-intervention policy of Sir John Lawrence, and that statesman is applauded for observing a strict neutrality in the late Cabul revolution. "Operations of Modern Warfare" is too technical in its treatment for these non-military columns, and we will therefore give our attention to the final article, "England and her Institutions," which is remarkable for the warm commendation it bestows on the Whigs for the relations they have always maintained with men of intellect, in which respect their opponents are described as deficient,—for the shrinking of the writer from the old name of Tory (a delicacy we have observed before in the *Quarterly*),—and for the objections which are expressed towards even the use of the term "Conservative," in comparison with which the word "Liberal" is said to have "a more alluring sound," and to "accommodate itself to a larger variety of opinion, and a wider scope of political action." For, adds the reviewer, "it is the business of statesmen to construct as well as to conserve. Improvement and reform are components in the policy of every set of men who aspire to the government of a free people." Is this the voice preparing the way for the new Derbyite Reform Bill?

The article on "The Irish Church" with which the *Westminster* opens, is more direct in tone and plain-spoken in language than the essays in this Review are apt to be, for it must be admitted that the writers, in the severity of their reasoning, are sometimes a little inclined to balance and refine their arguments until it is not easy to see what they are aiming at. In the present instance, however, a very emphatic opinion is expressed against the alliance of Church and State in general, and against the Irish Church

in particular. The latter, says the reviewer, "is not the church of the people; it will never effect the conversion of the people; it is irritating day by day the temper of the people, constitutionally seditious and difficult to control; it consumes national funds available for uses the most distinctly conducive to the good of the people; and it stands for a time only as a dreary monument of the impotence and timidity of the English Government." The reviewer would "disestablish" the Church, and divide its revenue (amounting to about £586,428) among the Protestant Episcopalians, the Dissenters, and the Roman Catholics, "according as their functions tend to promote religious or purely moral and intellectual improvement." The following paper, on M. Renan's latest work, "Les Apôtres," is very complimentary to the French theist on the score of his learning, acuteness, and brilliance of style, but expresses great dissent from his method, and from some of his conclusions. The critic accuses his author of inconsistency, in applying the most rigorous and unsparing logic to the Gospel narratives up to a certain point, and then gratuitously assuming a number of hypotheses on no sufficient grounds of evidence. "The English and their Origin" is a review of Mr. Luke Owen Pike's work bearing that title, which we ourselves noticed between three and four months ago. Mr. Pike's theory that the English are mainly of Celtic origin finds no favour in the eyes of the reviewer, who ridicules and depreciates the theorist's arguments, and exalts the Germans and their intellectual achievements as much as Mr. Pike undervalues them. We have next a criticism on the Abbé Lamennais' unfinished commentary on Dante, prefixed to his translation of the "Divina Commedia"—an essay which is here described as forming "one of the most eloquent, just, and profound criticisms ever written" on the great poem in question. To the article on "The Canadian Confederation and the Reciprocity Treaty," the following note is appended:—"Though disagreeing in many points from the views advocated by the *Westminster Review*, the editor has admitted the following article in the hope that both sides of a most important question may be heard." The paper is apparently written by a British American, being imbued with a strong feeling in favour of the colonists, who are highly praised for their progress, courage, and loyalty, and towards whom, it is said, opinion in the mother country has shown itself both churlish and unjust. Mr. Jesse's "Researches into the History of the British Dog" furnishes matter for an article full of anecdote; "Our North Pacific Colonies" contains a great deal of information touching Vancouver Island and British Columbia; and "The Forest of Fontainebleau" is a pleasant and picturesque account of a very beautiful region. The summary of "Contemporary Literature" is excellently done, as usual; and altogether this is one of the best numbers of the *Westminster* we have seen for a long time.

The *British Quarterly* is generally rather theological in its tone, and so it is in the present instance. Out of seven articles (or eight, including the summary of less important books at the end), three have reference to controversial matters in religion. The first of these, and the opening paper of the number, is on the life and works of Maine de Biran, a French writer of the last generation, who, beginning with Materialism, ended in Christianity. The other papers of the same nature are on "The Moral View of the Atonement," and M. Renan's work on the Apostles. These weighty subjects are varied by articles on "Photography" (crammed with instructive matter), on the late Sir James Kennedy's "Notes on the Battle of Waterloo," on the Report of the Jamaica Commission (the tendency of which is strongly against Mr. Eyre, and generally in favour of the negro), and on "The New Germanic Empire," in which we read that England and France are learning to identify their best interests with the European commonwealth, and that, "if the newly-constructed nationalities will act in unison with two such powerful nations, a confederacy of European States would no longer be a chimæra, but a reality, which would render war only a remote possibility, and disencumber modern communities of those vast armaments which are a disgrace to their civilization."

The *Dublin Review* makes a special appeal to English Catholics in connection with the life and pontificate of "St. Pius V., the Father of Christendom," who is described as having shown particular tenderness towards our land, and one of whose great achievements was to pronounce the deposition of Queen Elizabeth. "Protestant Proselytism in Eastern Lands" is of course to the effect that the English and American missions have failed, and those of Catholic countries succeeded. "Origen at Cæsarea" is an antiquarian article, followed immediately by one on a question of the day—viz, the Jamaica insurrection. This latter is temperately, yet strongly, written, and, while condemning the savage language in which Mr. Eyre has been attacked in certain quarters, is entirely opposed to the conduct of the ex-Governor and his subordinates during the disturbances, and to the general system of misgovernment which has prevailed in the colony. In the paper on "Pius IX. and the *Civiltà Cattolica*," we have some account of recent literary efforts in support of the Papacy, in the course of which we find it stated that the Pope will sanction no literary defence of Catholicism which is not in accordance with that "extremest school of 'ultramontane' Romanism—unadulterated Popery—which it is the fashion in this age of liberalism to scoff at and revile as superannuated and obsolete." We have next a review of Mr. Prendergast's "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland"—a very one-sided book, throwing all the guilt of the disturbed state of Ireland at that time on the Protestant settlers. The final essay—"Dr. Pusey on Marian Doctrine"—and the "Notices of Books," are wholly theological.

The *Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record* continues, under the editorship of Mr. B. Harris Cowper, its learned discussion of various matters connected with religious antiquarianism.

SHORT NOTICES.

Priest and Parish. By the Rev. Harry Jones, M.A., Incumbent of St. Luke's, Berwick-street, Soho; Author of "Life in the World," &c. (Rivingtons.)—We have hitherto known Mr. Jones as the author of some agreeable essays on literary and social subjects, and of a pleasant book of travel in the Alps. He is evidently a man of a broad, liberal, sensible, and kindly spirit, extremely well fitted, we should say (judging from the character of his writings), for the clerical office which he fills. In the present volume he comes forward in his own priestly character, and gives us the results of his experience of pastoral work. He desires, in short, to lay down certain general principles and rules for the guidance of other clergymen in their daily work; and he does this in a succession of papers with such headings as—"The Priest as a Professional Man," "The Priest in his Study," "The Priest in the Parish," "The Priest in the Congregation," &c. With one exception, all these chapters were published originally in *Fraser's Magazine*; and this may account for a certain professed essay-writing tone which we observe in them, and which sometimes detracts a little from the gravity one expects to find in conjunction with such subjects. It is rather startling to read, in a treatise by a clergyman on the clerical office, such a sentence as this:—"The lawyer goes to his office; the bus-driver gets upon his box; the ploughman walks a-field; the clerk mounts his desk. Why should not the priest go and pray in his church [on week-days]?" Or as this, speaking of church music:—"Keep the air of the music used so marked as to be easily caught, and you will find even aged women, the dear old trots who sit in the middle aisle, rejoice in the discovery of enlarged power. Bless you! I have seen them, with spectacles on nose, chin up, and mouth open, wholly carried away by full choral service." Nor do we much like the following bit of metaphorical writing:—"To the genuine Romanist, a priest is merely a clerk in God's great bank of grace; he alone can honour the drafts made upon the riches of the Lord; they must pass through his hands; he must be conferred with; common customers must not treat directly with the Master of the house. The priest cashes the confession, and hands the charge back over the counters of the church." There is much good sense and kindly feeling, however, in the book. The sentiment is perhaps a little High Church, but not extremely so, for Mr. Jones's mind is too broad and reasonable to allow him to put up with extravagant absurdities. Much more is he a "Muscular" Christian, with a strong love of outdoor sports and country recreation; though here again he does not permit himself to run into those fantastic deifications of mere bodily prowess which were so common in some of the clerical exhortations of ten years ago.

The Grahams; or, Home Life. By Catherine D. Bell.—*Home and Sunshine.* By the Same Author. (Warne & Co.)—These works belong to that class of "good books" which children are mercilessly plagued into reading. They deal with the lives and adventures of little boys and girls who are much better than any little boys or girls are ever likely to be, and of other little boys and girls possessed of evil dispositions such as juvenile humanity can scarcely hope to attain to even in our days. Impossibly excellent parents are dragged in to more effectually damp an already sufficiently dull narrative, and such exciting incidents as "Eleanor plucking a convolvulus wreath," "The Pleasure Party," "Willie presenting his mamma with a daisy," "Mrs. Gordon and the children on the hill," and "Davie requesting the farmer's wife to give him a kitten," are illustrated by way of adding further spice to the entertainment. It is to us positively surprising that people should write such utterly unsuitable trash as fills half the juvenile books that come before us, and still more that those who affect a desire to please children should force them to read rubbish, which, if it were capable of having any effect whatever upon them, could aim at no higher object than the converting them into miserable little hypocrites.

Quotations from Shakespeare. A Collection of Passages from the Works of William Shakespeare. Selected and Arranged by Edmund Routledge. (Routledge & Sons.)—This is a useful little volume. The quotations are given from each play in succession, from the "Tempest" to "Pericles," and then from the poems, including the "Passionate Pilgrim," the "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music," and the general Sonnets. The passages from the poems are but few, and the book altogether would have been better had it been constructed on a rather larger scale. Mr. Routledge's object, however, is probably to select the best-known passages only, as a facility for sudden reference. To this end, an Index of principal words is given at the close of the volume, which is thus rendered very easy of consultation.

Guide for Travellers in the Plain and on the Mountain. By Charles Boner, Author of "Chamois-hunting in Bavaria," "Forest Creatures," &c. (Hardwicke.)—The recent lamentable accidents on the Alps give a melancholy interest to this little volume. Perhaps, if all mountain-climbers were as experienced, as sensible, and as cautious as Mr. Boner, there would be few, if any, mischances; but the unknowing, the rash, or the physically weak, attempt to scale the sides of giant barriers, and not unfrequently lose their lives in the enterprise, at the same time bringing disaster on the poor fellows who act as guides. These repeated tragedies are throwing discredit on Alpine-climbing. However, if our young fellows will put their necks in jeopardy, the risk may no doubt be reduced by a careful observance of the rules which Mr. Boner here lays down as the result of many years' experience. The little work is well written and usefully illustrated.

Theoretical Astronomy Examined and Exposed. By "Common Sense." (Caudwell.)—Dissatisfied with the theories commonly accepted in connection with astronomy, "Common Sense" makes a furious onslaught on the whole body of astronomers, from Copernicus

to Airy. He seems to be possessed with the idea that he is championing religion by discrediting science; but he writes in an extremely foolish, chattering style, and prefaces his book with some doggerel verses which would disgrace a street improvisatore. If "Common Sense" has anything to say which it behoves us to hear, he must learn the art of saying it like a decent and reasonable being; otherwise, we cannot listen to him. He makes great game of the astronomers for admitting and correcting their occasional errors; forgetting that it is one of the chief boasts of science that it is progressive, and open to conviction.

Little Lays for Little Folk. Selected by John G. Watts. Illustrated. (Routledge & Sons.)—We have here one of the highly illustrated works which begin to make their appearance at this season of the year, and which are among the first prognostics of approaching Christmas. The poems printed in the present volume are mostly the productions of well-known and standard authors, and, of course, are of various degrees of excellence, though all are more or less calculated to please young readers. The illustrations are numerous and striking. As usual in these works, the figure subjects are the least good, being pervaded with a very artificial feeling; and even in some of the landscapes the execution is too smooth, shiny, and dressed out. Many of the views, however, are exquisite—full of truth and of poetical apprehension; and we must mention with especial commendation the sketches of Mr. Wimperis. "Clouds like golden landscapes lie" (p. 48) is a perfect gem—most beautiful in conception, in feeling, in fidelity to nature, and in the amount of thought which has been put into it. Mr. Kennedy's borders of ferns, grasses, and trees, are also very lovely; and the wood-engravers, working under the superintendence of Mr. James D. Cooper, have acquitted themselves (with the exception of the occasional fault we have noted) with great ability. The book, on the whole, is a charming production.

We have also received *Our Charades, and How we Played Them*, by Jean Francis (Houlston & Wright)—a little book containing a number of dramatic scenes, with a few hints on the proper management of the pastime;—*The History of Joseph and The History of Moses* (Routledge & Sons)—two stories from the Bible, told in a manner adapted to children, and illustrated with effective and gaudy coloured plates;—*Does the Bank Charter Act of 1844 need Modification?* by James Aytoun (Hardwicke), being a paper prepared at the request of the Council of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and read at a meeting of that body at Manchester, October 5th, 1866;—*Exposition, by M. N. Crawford, of the Causes and Loss of the Masonic Mysteries, and of the Consequences, Spiritual and Temporal, of their Recent Re-Discovery* (T. C. Newby)—a rhapsody which we will hand over to those whom it may concern;—*The Authority and Responsibilities of the Christian Ministry*, an Ordination Sermon preached before the Bishop of Ripon by Edward Bickersteth, D.D., Archdeacon of Buckingham (Rivingtons);—*Accompanying Harmonies to the Canticles, pointed and adapted to the Gregorian Tones, together with the Faux-Bourbons, or Vocal Harmonies for the Benedictus and Magnificat*, by James B. Gray, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, and Incumbent of Saints Philip and James, Oxford (Same Publishers);—and *The Scriptural and Protestant Character of the English Liturgy, as Contemplated by its Compilers*, by the Rev. G. B. Hamilton, M.A., Essex County Chaplain (Longmans & Co.).

LITERARY GOSSIP.

SINCE the *Tatler's* burlesque letter of challenge, which runs—"Sir, your extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this, to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park an hour hence, and, because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners"—there has been no greater satire on duelling (though not intended as such) than the following letter in the *Charivari* of Paris:—"Paris, October 16.—M. Pierre Véron and this journal having been attacked in the most violent manner by M. Robert Mitchell in the *Etendard*, we, the undersigned, were charged on Monday evening, to come to an understanding with MM. Jourdiere and Champfleury, his representatives, to require an immediate reparation from him. M. Pierre Véron, as the offended party, having the choice of arms, the pistol was designated. MM. Jourdiere and Champfleury declined, affirming that their friend having been long disabled in the right hand, could not hold a pistol, but would accept a duel with swords. To an observation that it was difficult to understand how a hand which cannot hold a pistol could make use of a sword, a reply was made that he could bind it to his arm. In the presence of that declaration of inferiority which renders impossible the obtaining of satisfaction according to the ordinary laws of duelling, and with equal chances, there only remains for us to declare the situation without issue, and our mission terminated.—ALTAROCHE, LOUIS LEROY."—Have French journalists any right to complain of the bondage of the press in their country when they are so constantly publishing their folly to the world after this fashion?

Whether owing to the dull season or not, remarkable "finds" have been rather frequent in the papers of late. We now read that a labourer at Stamford, the other day, while "excavating for sanitary purposes at the back of a house"—which we suppose is the penny-a-line euphemism for making a drain—dug up an earthen jar containing 2,800 silver coins, chiefly Anglo-Gallic groats of Henry V., coined at Calais, and English groats of Edward IV., of the London Mint: the whole in a very fine state of preservation, sharp and bright. The site is thought to have been formerly included in St. George's Churchyard, and the coins may have been buried during the Wars of the Roses.

The *Figaro* gives the following account of the literary predilections of the Bishop of Orleans:—"Mgr. Dupanloup's enlightened love of

letters is well known. He defends and cultivates that study, and no one more keenly enjoys its charm. He knows nearly the whole of Virgil and Horace by heart, and frequently in conversation makes felicitous quotations from those authors. His memory is so prodigious that he distinguishes clearly and in its place, as in an inward library, every detail of his extensive knowledge; and in dictating to his secretaries he refers them without hesitation to such a page of Fénelon, or such a line of the *Æneid*. . . Up at five every morning during the year, he works without relaxation until mid-day, and, after a short promenade and giving a few audiences, resumes harness until seven o'clock. While walking, he makes rapid pencil notes of fugitive ideas and heads of sermons; during his drives, he is similarly occupied. When he travels by rail, he has, as constant companion, a large portfolio of green morocco, stuffed with papers—the real one that belonged to Talleyrand—and he revises manuscripts and corrects proofs. His correspondence is as extensive as that of a Minister of State, and he sends not fewer than six thousand letters yearly. There is only one moment of the day that does not find him at work: it is that succeeding the evening's repast. He is obliged to condemn himself to that period of repose, and to forego writing and reading at night, in order not to injure his eyes, which have been already severely tried during the day."

M. Boquillon, who, about a year ago, was commissioned by the French Government to search for documents bearing on the life and works of Galileo, has, it is said, discovered a very large number of manuscripts, which he has been allowed to copy, with a view to writing the biography of the great astronomer. In conducting his researches, M. Boquillon has received considerable aid from Signor Mateucci, the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, from Signor Donati, the astronomer, and from other learned Italians. The scientific instruments used by Galileo are all preserved, and photographs of them, taken by M. Boquillon, will be included in the approaching Paris Exhibition.

We understand (says the *Guardian*) that Mr. Marmaduke Dolman proposes to publish in parts a series of the State Papers of Queen Elizabeth, to be selected chiefly with a view to the elucidation of the ecclesiastical history of the Elizabethan era, as connected with the private history of the aristocracy of that period. These papers are a collection of royal letters, records of the Secretaries of State, correspondence with foreign Powers, documents relating to ecclesiastical affairs, and also letters of private persons, either written by the friends of the Government, and containing secret information of the designs of the discontented, or letters of the malcontents themselves, descriptive of their discontent and misfortunes, which, falling into the hands of the Government, were used by it against their authors.

A movement is being promoted in Nottingham for raising a public monument to Lord Byron in Westminster Abbey, or, should that fail, for putting up a statue of the poet in Market-street, one of the principal thoroughfares of Nottingham.

Mr. Augustus Dickens, a brother of the novelist, recently died at Chicago, U. S. The American papers also record the death of Mr. Charles Alexander, at Philadelphia, the oldest journalist in the United States. He purchased and used, when a young man, the old printing-office, type, and presses belonging to Benjamin Franklin.

Miss Maria S. Cummins, authoress of "The Lamplighter," an American novel which made a great deal of noise about thirteen years ago—even sharing the public regard with "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—died at Dorchester, U. S., after a long illness, a few weeks back. She also wrote "Mabel Vaughan," "El Fareidis," and "Haunted Hearts."

Mr. Alexander Smart, a Scotch poet, died a few days ago in his sixty-eighth year.

Lord Houghton will deliver an address next Tuesday, at the opening of the new building of the Cambridge Union Society.

Messrs. Southgate & Co., the literary auctioneers, have removed from Fleet-street to No. 143, Strand, eight doors west of Somerset House.

Mr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is engaged upon a serial called "The Guardian Angel." It will appear in the *Atlantic Monthly*, beginning with the January number.

The new serial tale, "Joyce Dormer's Story," to be commenced shortly in *Once a Week*, is by Jean Boncœur, already known as the author of "Adriana."

A statement which has recently appeared in the papers, that Mr. Swinburne would reply to his critics in a preface to a new edition of his "Poems and Ballads," is incorrect. Under the title of "Notes on Poems and Reviews," the poet, at the instance of his present publisher, and by the wishes of private friends, has prepared a pamphlet, giving his interpretation of the poems objected to. Mr. Swinburne has withdrawn all his books from the Messrs. Moxon, and in future they will be published, along with his "Poems and Ballads," by Mr. HOTTEN, of Piccadilly, who will shortly issue Mr. Swinburne's new book, "Essays upon the Life and Character of William Blake, the Artist and Poet." A volume of criticism on the much-censured "Poems and Ballads," by Mr. W. M. Rossetti (brother of Miss Christina Rossetti, the poetess), will be issued by the same house in a few days.

A second edition of Mr. Hotten's recently published "History of Signboards" is now being issued.

Mr. BENTLEY, the publisher, writes to the papers to say that the work, of Danish origin, to be issued under the title of "Letters from Hell, by a Lost Soul," is not a profane, but a religious, book. It is a pity the author could not have hit upon a more decent name.

Messrs. BELL & DALDY promise us a Christmas book entitled "Art and Song," to consist of a selection of poems edited by Mr. Robert Bell, and illustrated with engravings on steel from celebrated modern artists, including six landscapes by Turner, not hitherto published; also, the entire series of Flaxman's designs in illustration of Dante, comprising 108 compositions in outline, from the original plates, untouched.

Messrs. JACKSON, WALFORD, & HODDER's announcements include "The Family Pen: Memorials, Literary and Biographical, of Jane Taylor, and other Members of the Ongar Family," by the late Isaac Taylor, edited by his Son, the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A.; "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets: Lectures delivered to Students for the Ministry, illustrated by Anecdotes elucidatory of every order of Pulpit Eloquence from the Great Preachers of All Ages," by the Rev. E. Paxton Hood; "Ecclesiastical History, from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the Death of Oliver Cromwell," by John Stoughton; and "Memorials of the Clayton Family," by the Rev. T. W. B. Aveling, of Kingsland.

Messrs. CASSELL will publish immediately their folio edition of "Paradise Lost" with illustrations by Gustave Doré.

M. Viennet is about to write an epic poem, of which the hero is to be Count Bismarck. The author was at one time a Cabinet Minister, and has long been a member of the French Academy.

If the theory and history of the fine arts does not become popular in France, it will not be from want of books on the subject. Amongst others, we notice the following which have just appeared:—"Philosophie de l'Art en Italie," by M. Taine; "Laocoon, ou des Limites de la Peinture et de la Poésie," by Lessing; and "De la Physiognomonie," by M. J. B. Delestre.

A book has appeared at the house of MICHEL LÉVY FRÈRES, written by Maxime du Camp, and bearing the extraordinary title of "Les Buveurs de Cendres."

RADICAL PREVENTION OF TYPHUS.—Dr. Allbutt (says the *Medical Times*), of Leeds, has lately proposed a scheme for the radical prevention of typhus, by establishing wholesome dwellings for the really poor. The houses are not, like those built by Alderman Waterlow, intended for artisans and others who can pay good rents, but for hawkers, costermongers, and unskilled labourers of all kinds. These latter are persons who breed typhus, and for them the new dwellings are most appropriate, the rental being 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. per week.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Alleine (Rev. J.), *Saint's Pocket Book*. New edit. 18mo., 1s.
 Almanach de Gotha. 1867. 18mo., 5s. 6d.
 Anderson (H. C.), *Ice Maiden*. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 ——— *Little Match Girl*. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 ——— *Red Shoes*. Feap., 1s. 6d.
 Archie Lovell. By Mrs. Edwards. 3 Vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Arthur (S. S.), *Home Heroines*. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Aunt Annie's Stories. Imp. 16mo., 5s.
 ——— *Margaret's Trouble*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 8s.
 Bancroft (G.), *History of the United States*. Vol. IX. 8vo., 12s.
 Book (The) of Dates. New edit. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Brock (Mrs. C.), *Charity Helstone*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Bush (C. P.), *The Martyr Missionary*. Feap., 2s. 6d.
 Cecil Rye: an Autobiography, by Mrs. Blake. Feap., 5s.
 Champney (J.), *Health and Longevity*. 12mo., 4s.
 Confirmation Class (The). By a Clergyman's Wife. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Crook (Rev. W.), *Ireland and the Centenary of American Methodism*. Feap., 4s.
 Day (H.), *Clinical Histories with Comments*. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 De Porquet (L. P.), *Fables Parlantes*. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Dickens (C.), *Bleak House*. Cheap edit., Vol. II. Cr. 8vo., 2s.
 Doctor Johns, *Narrative of Events in the Life of*. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 16s.
 English Cyclopædia. Edited by C. Knight. Re-issue. Biography. Vol. II. 4to., 10s. 6d.
 Fenn (G. M.), *Original Penny Readings*. 2nd Series. Feap., 1s.
 Fester (Jules), on French Construction. 2nd edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Figuier (L.), *The World before the Deluge*. New edit. 8vo., 16s.
 Francis (Mark), *No Easy Task*. 2 Vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
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